The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Phila'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2550.

DANDELIONS AND VIOLETS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

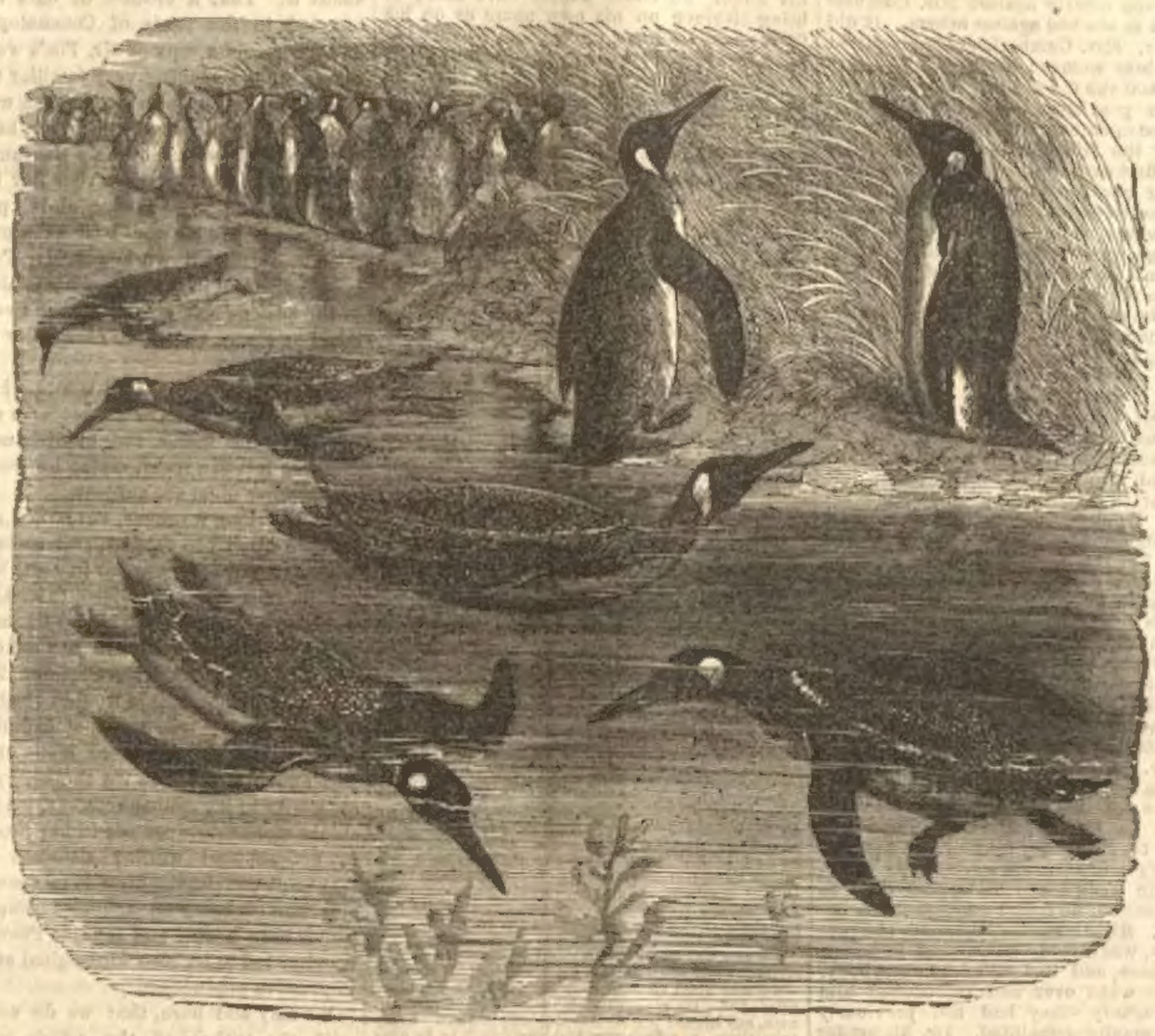
Dandelions and violets,
Flecking the meadow over,
I bury my face in your golden sheen
Down in the cool sweet clover.
Your soft touch on my eyelids pressing
Bringeth nepenthe and a blessing,
I do not think it ever was December,
And heavy years I fain would not remember.
Only my fair and radiant meadows lie,
Bourgeoned in bloom beneath the glad'ning sky.

Dandelions and violets
Shut out the wide, wide prairie,
The lost, lost years have never died,
Oh I am no more aweary!
Adown a low, New Hampshire valley,
Again my longing footsteps daily;
The world is white with tender blooming;
A young moon lights the early gloaming—
The giant hills, my hills, all hoary,
Rear high to make New England's crown and glory.

Dandelions and Violets,
"Ye neither toil nor spin,"
I claim your golden brotherhood,
I am to ye akin.
Let life surge on with tireless fretting;
Down the long meadows all forgetting,
Where billowy elms along the shore are swaying,
And fair young girls in aprons white are playing.
Far from life's turmoil let us lie,
Where toil, nor fame, can dim our tranquil sky.

Dandelions and Violets,
Tell me your low, sweet story—
There are no graveyards in the world,
No faces under your glory.
There are no hearts in anguish breaking,
No souls astray with weary waiting;
The loved ones whom we cannot see are roaming
The morning's heights while we lie in the gloaming.
Oh! God is over all, the sky is beaming
In the meadow, 'mong the blooms a-dreaming.

MRS. M. E. CLARKE.



THE KING PENGUIN.

This remarkable class of swimming birds is found exclusively in the Antarctic regions.

When on the ground, the penguin stands quite upright; indeed, as he walks, or rather waddles along after the attendant who feeds him, the resemblance to a little, grave-looking old man, wrapped in a silvery gray cloak with hanging sleeves, is so apt a burlesque, a caricature so absurdly truthful, that one cannot resist indulging in a hearty laugh at the oddity of his gait.

Wings, strictly speaking, the penguin has none—if by wings are meant the requisite organs for supporting it in the air; but, destined to dwell in the ocean, the ordinary form of wing would have been a useless incumbrance. Hence they are changed into *paddles* of a most efficient kind, enabling it to move with as much ease and celerity through the turbulent waves as the powerfully winged condor and eagle cleave the air.

Weddell, in his journal of "A Voyage towards the South Pole," thus speaks of the king penguin as he found it in the island of South Georgia. He says that, "In pride, these birds are perhaps not surpassed, even by the peacock, to which, in beauty of plumage, they are indeed very little inferior. During the time of moulting they seem to repel each other with disgust, on account of the ragged state of their coats; but, as they arrive at the maximum of splendor, they reassemble, and no one who has not completed his plumage is allowed to enter the community. Their frequently looking down their front and sides, in order to contemplate the perfection of their exterior brilliancy, and to remove any speck which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer."

At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea. In teaching their young to swim, the mother has frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water, she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord.

Fish is the food of the penguin—they swim both above and under water with such great velocity that the fish have little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Of course they have to come to the surface to breathe.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER V.

RETROSPECT.

There must be some retrospect to make things intelligible; and it may as well be given at once.

Mr. North, now of Dallory Hall, had got on entirely by his own persevering industry. Of obscure, though in a certain way very respectable parentage, he had been placed as working apprentice to a firm in Whitborough. It was a firm in extensive work, not confining itself to one branch. They took contracts for public buildings, small and large; they did mechanical engineering; they had planned one of the early railways. John North—plain Jack North he was known as, then—remained with the firm when he was out of his time, and got on in it. Thrifty, steady, and plodding, he rose from one step to another; and at length, in conjunction with one who had been in the same firm, he set up for himself. This other was Thomas Gass. Gass had not risen from the ranks, as North had; he was of good connections and had received a superior education; but his friends were poor. North and Gass, as the new firm called itself, began business near to Dallory; quietly at first—as all people, who truly look to get on, generally do begin. They rose rapidly. The confined premises grew into great ones; the small contracts into larger. People said luck was with them—and in truth it seemed so. The Dallory works became of note in the county, employing quite a colony of people: the masters were respected and sought after. Both of them lived at Whitborough; Mr. North with his wife and family; Mr. Gass a bachelor.

Thomas Gass had one brother; a clergyman. Their only sister, Fanny, a pretty young girl, had her home with him in his rectory, but she came often to Whitborough on a visit to Thomas. Suddenly it was announced to the world that she had engaged herself to be married to a Captain Rane, entirely against the wish of her two brothers. She was under twenty; Captain Rane, a poor naval man on half-pay, was nearly old enough to be her grandfather. Their objection lay not so much to this, as to *him*. For some cause or other, neither liked him. The Reverend William Gass forbid his sister to think of him; Mr. Thomas Gass (a fiery man) swore he would never afterwards look upon her as a sister, if she persisted in thus throwing herself away.

Miss Gass did persist. She had the obstinate spirit of her brother Thomas, though without his fire. She chose to take her own way, and married Captain Rane. They sailed at once for Madras; Captain Rane having obtained some post there, connected with the government ships.

Whether Miss Gass repented of her ill-assorted marriage, her brothers had no means of learning; for she, cherishing anger, never wrote to them during her husband's life. It was a very short one. Barely a twelvemonth had elapsed after the knot was tied, when there came a pitiful letter from her. Captain Rane had died, just as her little son Oliver (named after a friend, she said,) was born. Thomas Gass, to whom the letter had been specially written, gathered that she was left badly off; though she did not absolutely say it. He went into one of his fumes, and tossed the epistle across the desk to his partner. "You must do something for her, Gass," said John North when he had read it. "I never will," hotly affirmed Mr. Gass. "Fanny knows what I promised if she married Rane—that I would never help her during my life or after it. She knows another thing—that I am not one to go from my word. William may help her if he likes; he has not got much to give way, but he can have her back to live with him." "Help the child then," suggested Mr. North, knowing further remonstrance to be useless. "I won't help the child," returned obstinate Thomas Gass; "I'll stick to the spirit of my promise as well as the letter." And Mr. North bent his head down again—he was going over some estimates—feeling that the affair was none of his. "I don't mind putting the boy in the tontine, North," presently spoke the junior partner. "The tontine?" echoed John North in surprise. "What tontine?" "What tontine!" returned the hard man—though in truth he was not hard in general, "why the one that you and others are getting up; the one you have just put your baby, Bessy, in; I know of no other tontine." "But that will not benefit the boy," urged Mr. North: certainly not now; and the chances are nine to one against its ever benefiting him." "Never mind; I'll put him in it," said Mr. Gass, whose obstinacy always came out well when spurred by opposition. "You are wanting a tenth child to close the list, and I'll put him in it." So into the tontine Oliver Rane, unconscious infant, was put.

But Mrs. Rane did not further trouble either of her brothers; or, as things turned out, require assistance from them. She remained in India; and, at a year's end married a government chaplain there, the Reverend George Cumberland, who had some private property. Little, if any, communication took place afterwards between her and her brothers: she cherished resentment for old grievances, and would not write. And so, the sister and the brothers seemed to fade away from each other henceforth. We all know how relatives, parted by time and distance, become estranged, disappearing almost from memory.

While the firm, North and Gass, was rising higher and higher in wealth and importance, the wife of its senior partner died. She left three children, Edmund, Richard, and Bessy. Subsequently, during a visit to London, chance drew Mr. North into a meeting with a handsome young woman, the widow of Major Bohun. She was not long from India, where she had buried her husband. A flashing, designing, attractive syren, who began forthwith to exercise her dangerous fascinations on plain, unsuspicious Mr. North. She had but a poor pittance; what money there was belonged to her only child, Arthur; a little lad, sent out of sight already to a preparatory school. Report had magnified Mr. North's wealth into something fabulous; and Mrs. Bohun did not cease her scheming until she had caught him in her toils and he had made her Mrs. North.

Men do things sometimes in a hurry, only to repent. That Mr. North had been in a hurry in this case was indisputable—it was just as though she had thrown a spell over him: whether he repented when he woke up and found himself with a wife, a stepmother for his little ones at home, was not so sure. He was a sufficiently wise man in those days to conceal what he did not want known.

Whom he had married, beyond the fact that she was the widow of Major Bohun, he did not know from Adam. For all she disclosed about her own family, in regard to whom she maintained an entire reticence, she might have dropped from the moon, or "growed" like Topsy; but, from the airs and graces she put on, Mr. North might have concluded they were dukes and duchesses at least. Her late husband's family were irreproachable, both in character and position. The head of it was Sir Nash Bohun, representative of an ancient baronetcy, and elder brother of the late Major. Before the wedding tour was over, poor Mr. North found that his wife was a cold, imperious, extravagant woman, not to be questioned by any means if she chose not to be. When her fascinations were in full play (while she was only the widow Bohun) Mr. North had been ready to think her quite an angel. Where had all the amiability flown?—he rubbed his mental eyes as he asked it. People do change after marriage somehow. At least, there have been instances known of it.

A little circumstance occurred one day that—to put it mildly—had surprised Mr. North. He had been given to understand by his wife that Major Bohun died suddenly of sun-stroke: she had certainly told him so. In talking at a dinner-party at Sir Nash Bohun's with some gentleman not long from India, he and Mr. North being side by side at table after the ladies had retired, the subject of sun-strokes came up. "My wife's former husband, Major Bohun, died of one," innocently observed Mr. North. "Died of *what?*" cried the other, putting down his claret-glass, which he was about to convey to his mouth. "Of sun-stroke," repeated Mr. North. "Bohun did not die of sun-stroke," came the impulsive answer, "who told you he died of that?" "She did—my wife," was Mr. North's answer. "Oh," said his friend; and drank the claret. "Why, what did he die of, if it was not sun-stroke?" asked Mr. North, with curiosity. "Well—I—I don't know; I'd rather say no more about it," was the conclusive reply: "of course Mrs. North must know better than I." And no other words would he speak, save—as Mr. North saw—evasive ones.

They were staying at this time at Sir Nash Bohun's. In passing through London after the Continental wedding-trip on their way to Whitborough, Sir Nash had invited them to make his house their resting-place. Not until the day following his conversation at the dinner-table had Mr. North an opportunity of questioning his wife; but, that some false representation, intentionally or otherwise, had been made to him on the subject of her late husband's death, he felt certain. They were alone in her dressing-room. Mrs. North, who had a mass of beautiful, purple-black hair, was standing before the glass, doing something to a portion of it, when her husband suddenly accosted her. He called her by her Christian name in those first married days. It was a very fine one.

"Amanda, you told me, I think, that Major Bohun died of sun-stroke."

"Well?" she returned carelessly, occupied with her hair.

"But he did not die of sun-stroke. He died of—of something else."

Mr. North had watched women's faces turn to pallor; but never in his whole life had he seen so livid a look of terror as overspread his wife's. The hand of black hair dropped from her hands; even their very fingers became of a ghastly whiteness.

"Why, what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

She murmured something about a spasm of the heart, a spasm to which she was subject; an excuse, as he saw. Another moment, and she had recovered her composure, and was busy with her hair again.

"You were asking me something, were you not, Mr. North?"

"About Major Bohun. What was it he died of—if it was not sun-stroke?"

"But it was of sun-stroke," she said, in a sharp, ringing accent, that would have required but little more to be a scream. "What else was there that he should die suddenly of—in India's burning climate? He went out in the blaze of the mid-day sun, and was brought home dead!"

And nothing more, then or afterwards, did Mr. North learn. Her manner rendered it impossible that he could press the subject. He might have applied to Sir Nash for information, but an instinct prevented his doing so. After all, it did not signify to him what Major Bohun had died of, Mr. North said to himself, and determined to forget the matter. But that some mystery must have attended Major Bohun's death, some painful circumstances which could blanch his wife's face with sickly terror, remained on Mr. North's mind as a fact not to be controverted.

Mrs. North effected changes. Almost the very day she was taken home to Whitborough, she let it be known that she should rule with an imperious will. Her husband became a very reed in her hands; yielding passively to her sway, as if all the spirit he ever owned had gone out of him. Mrs. North professed to hate the very name of trade: that one with whom she was so nearly connected should be in business, brought to her a sense of degradation and a great deal of talk of it. The quiet, modest, comfortable home at Whitborough was at once given up for the more pretentious Manor Hall at Dallory Ham, which happened to be in the market. And they set up there in a style that might have more properly pertained to the lord-lieutenant of the county. Perhaps it was her assumption of grandeur out of doors and in, combined with the haughty, imperious manner, the like of which had never before been seen in the simple neighborhood, that caused people to take to call her "Madam." Or, it might have been to distinguish her in speech from the first Mrs. North.

In proportion as Mrs. North made herself hated and feared by her husband, his children, and the household, so did she become popular with society. It sometimes happens that the more fascination a woman displays to the world, the more unbearable is she in her own house. It was the case here. Madam put on all her attractions when out of doors; she visited and dressed and dined and spent; and gave fetes again at Dallory Hall utterly regardless of expense. Little wonder, was there, that she swayed the neighborhood.

Not the immediate neighborhood. With the exception of the Dallory family (and they did not live there now) there was not a single person she would have visited. Some gentlepeople resided at Dallory Ham; Mrs. North did not condescend to know any of them. Report ran that, when they left cards on her, on her first coming to the Hall, she had returned them in blank envelopes. People living at a greater distance she made friends with, but not those around her; and with as many of the county families as would make friends with her. The pleasantest times were those when she would betake herself off on long visits, to London, or elsewhere: they grew to be looked for.

But the most decided onset made by Mrs. North, was on her husband's business connections. Had Thomas Gass been a chimney-sweep, she could not have treated him with more intense contempt. It was said that if by ill-fortune she met him in the street, she would pick up her skirts with a jerk as she passed him by. Thomas Gass had his share of sense, and pitied his partner far more than he would had that gentleman gone in for hanging instead of second marriage. Mr. Gass was a very wealthy man now; and had built himself a handsome and comfortable residence in Dallory.

But, as the years went on, he was doomed to furnish food himself to all the gossips within miles. Dallory rose from its couch one fine morning, to hear that Thomas Gass, the confirmed old bachelor, had married his housekeeper. Not one of your lady-housekeepers, but a useful, good, hard-working damsel, who had passed the first bloom of youth, and had not much of beauty to recommend her. It was a nine days' wonder, nearly a rebellion. Of course, however much the neighbors might solace their feelings by ridiculing him and abusing her, they could not undo the marriage. All that remained to them was, to make the best of it; and by degrees they wisely did so. The new Mrs. Gass, who had glided so easily into her honors, shook as easily down in them. She made an excellent wife to her ailing husband—for Thomas Gass had begun to ail before his marriage—she put on no airs of being superior to what she was; she turned out to be a thoroughly capable woman of business, giving much judicious advice; she was very good to the sick and suffering, caring for the poor, ready to give a helping hand wheresoever and whensoever it might be needed. In spite of her fine clothes, which sat ludicrously upon her, and of her mode of speech, which she did not attempt

to get out of; above all, in spite of their own prejudices, Dallory grew to like and respect Mrs. Gass, and its small gentlepeople to admit her to their houses on an equality.

And so, time and years went on. Mr. North withdrawing himself more and more from personal attendance on the business, which seemed to have grown utterly distasteful to him. His sons had become young men. Edmund was a civil engineer: by profession at least not much by practice. Never of strong health, given to expensive and idle habits, Edmund North was in general either in trouble abroad, or leading a lazy life at home, his time being much divided between going into causeless passions and writing poetry. Richard was at the works, the mainspring and prop of the business. Mr. Gass had become a confirmed invalid, and could not personally attend; Mr. North did not. There was only Richard—Dick, as they all called him; but he was a host in himself. Of far better powers to bring to bear on it than Mr. North had ever possessed, highly educated, of cultivated mind, he was a thorough man of business, and at the same time a finished gentleman. Energetic, persevering, decisive in control, but of courteous and considerate manners to the very lowest, Richard North was loved and respected. He walked through life doing his duty by his fellow men; striving to do it to God. He had been tried at home in many ways since his father's second marriage, and borne all with patient endurance: how he was tried out of home, he alone knew.

For a long while past there had been trouble in the firm, ill-feeling between the two old partners: chiefly because Mr. North put no limit to the sums he drew out for his private account. Poor Mr. North at length confessed that he could not help it: the money was wanted by his wife: though how on earth she contrived to get rid of so much, even with all her extravagance, he could not conceive. Mr. Gass insisted on a separation: John North must withdraw from the firm: Richard might take his place. Poor Mr. North yielded, meek as any lamb. "Don't let it get abroad," he only stipulated, speaking as if he were half heart-broken, which was nothing new, "I should not like it to be known that I was superseded." They respected his wishes, and the change was made privately: very few having cognizance that the senior partnership in the firm had passed into different hands. Thenceforth Mr. North ceased to have control over the business; in fact to have any actual connection with it. Dallory suspected it not; Mrs. North had not the faintest idea of it. Richard North signed the checks as he had done before, "North and Gass:" and perhaps the bank alone knew that he signed them now as principal.

Richard was the scape-goat now. Mr. North's want of money, or rather his wife's, did not cease: the sum arranged to be paid to him as a retiring pension—a very liberal sum, and Mr. Gass grumbled at it—seemed to be as nothing; it melted in Madam's hands like so much water. Richard was constantly appealed to by his father; and responded generously, though it crippled him.

The next change came in the shape of Mr. Gass's death. The bulk of his property was left to his wife; a small portion, comparatively speaking, to charities and servants; two thousand pounds to Richard North. He also bequeathed to his wife his interest in the business, which by the terms of the deed of partnership he had power to do. So that his share of the capital was not drawn out, and the firm remained, actually as well as virtually, North and Gass. People generaly supposed that the "North" was Mr. North; and Madam went into a cold sea of indignation at her husband's name being put in conjunction with "that woman's." In the years gone by, Mr. North used to have a nice time of it, finding it a difficult matter to steer his course between his partner and Madam, so as to give offence to neither. Madam had never condescended to notice Thomas Gass's wife in the smallest degree: she took to abuse her now, asking her husband how he could *suffer* himself to be associated with her. Mr. North, when goaded almost beyond bearing, had much ado to keep his tongue from retorting that it was not himself that was associated with her, but Richard.

Mrs. Gass showed her good sense in regard to the partnership, as she did in most things. She declined to interfere actively in the business. Richard North went to her house twice or thrice a week to keep her cognizant of what was going on; he consulted her opinion on great matters, just as he had used to consult her husband's. She knew she could trust to him. Ever and anon she would volunteer some advice to himself personally; which was invariably good. It could not be concealed from her that large sums (exclusively Richard's) were ever finding their way to the Hall, and for this she took him to task. "Stop it, Mr. Richard," she said—always as respectful to him as she used to be in her housekeeping days; "stop it, sir. Their wants be like a bottomless sack, the more grain you pour into it, the more you may. It's doing them no good; *no good*, mind. An end must come to it some time, or you'll be in the workhouse. The longer it goes on, the more difficult it will be to put an end to, and the harder for them." But Richard, sorely tried between prudence and filial duty, could not bring himself to stop it so easily; and the thing went on.

We must now go back to Mrs. Cumberland. It was somewhat singular that, the very week Thomas Gass lay dead, she should make her unexpected appearance at Dallory. But so it was. Again a widow, she had come home to settle near her brother Thomas. She arrived just in time to see him put into his coffin. The other brother, William, had been dead for years. Mrs. Gass, who knew all about the estrangement, received her with marked kindness, and heartily offered her a home for the future.

But that was declined. Mrs. Cumberland preferred to have a home of her own, possessing ample means to set up one in a moderate way. She gave a sketch of her past life to Mrs. Gass. After her marriage with the Reverend George Cumberland, they had remained for some time at his chaplaincy in the Madras presidency; but his health began to fail, and he exchanged to Australia. Subsequent to that, years later, he obtained a duty in Madeira. Upon his death, which occurred recently, she came to England. Her only son, Oliver Rane, had been sent home, at the age of seven, and was placed with a preceptor in London. When the time came for him to choose a profession, he fixed on the medical, and qualified himself for it, studying in London, Paris, and Austria. He passed all the examinations with great credit, including that in the College of Physicans. He next paid a visit to Madeira, remaining three months there with his mother and step-father, and then came home and established himself in London, with money furnished by his mother. But practice does not always come quickly to young beginners, and Oliver Rane found his means dwindling. He had a horror of debt, and wisely decided to keep out of it: taking a situation as assistant, and giving up the expensive house he had entered on. This had just been effected when Mrs. Cumberland returned. For the present she let her son remain as he was: Oliver had all a young man's pride and ambition, and she thought the discipline might do him good.

Mrs. Cumberland took on lease one of the two handsome gothic villas at the neck of the Ham, and established herself in it; with Jelly for a waiting maid, and two other servants for the work. This necessitated the spending the whole of her income, which was a very fair one. A portion of it would die with her, the rest was willed to her son Oliver.

In the old days when she was Fanny Gass, and Mr. North plain John North—Jack, with his friends—they were intimate as elder brother and young sister. If Mrs. Cumberland expected this agreeable state of affairs to be resumed, she was destined to find herself mistaken. Madam set her scornful face utterly against Mrs. Cumberland: just as she had against others. It did not matter. Mrs. Cumberland simply pitied the underbred woman: her health was very delicate, and she did not intend to visit any one. The gentlepeople of the neighborhood called upon her; she returned the call, and there the friendship ended. When invitations first came in, she wrote a refusal, explaining clearly and courteously why she was obliged to do so. If she and Mr. North met each other, as by chance happened, they would linger in conversation, and be happy in the reminiscences of the past days.

Mrs. Cumberland had thus lived on in quiet retirement for some time, when the medical man who had the practice of Dallory Ham, and some of that of Dallory, died suddenly. She saw what an excellent opportunity it would be for her son to establish himself, if he would but take up general practice, and she sent a summons for him. When Oliver arrived in answer to it, he entered into the prospect warmly; left his mother to make arrangements, and returned to London, to compass his removal. Mrs. Cumberland went to Mr. North, and obtained his ready promise to do what he could to push Oliver. It was equivalent to an assurance of success—for Dallory Hall swayed its neighbors—and Mrs. Cumberland did not hesitate to secure the other gothic villa adjoining her own (which happened to be vacant,) believing the future practice would justify it. In a week's time Oliver Rane came down and took possession.

But Fate was against him. Dr. Rane said treachery. A young fellow whom he knew in London had told a medical friend—a Mr. Alexander—of this great practice that had fallen in at Dallory, and that Rane was thinking to secure for himself. What was Dr. Rane's mortification when, upon arriving at the week's end at Dallory Ham to take possession, he found another there before him. Mr. Alexander had come the previous day, was already established in an opposite house, and had called on everybody. Dr. Rane went over and reproached him with treachery—they had not previously been personally acquainted. Dr. Alexander received the charge with surprise; he declared that the field was as open for him as for Dr. Rane—that if had not thought so, nothing would have induced him to enter for it. He spoke his true sentiments, for he was a straightforward man. An agent in Whitborough had also written up to tell him of this opening; he came to look at it, and decided to try it. The priority, the right to monopolise it, was no more Dr. Rane's, he urged, than it was his. Dr. Rane took a different view, and said so; but contention would not help the matter now, and he could only yield to circumstances. So each held to his right in apparent amicability, and Dallory got two doctors instead of one; secret rivals from henceforth.

Not for a moment did Oliver Rane think Mr. Alexander could long hold out against him, as he had secured, through his mother, the favor of Dallory Hall. Alas, a very short while showed him that this was a mistake: Dallory Hall turned round upon him, and was doing what it could to push his rival. Mrs. Cumberland went to Mr. North, seeking an explanation. He could only avow the truth—that his wife, who was both master and mistress, had set her face against Oliver, and was recommending Alexander. "John, you promised me," urged Mrs. Cumberland. "I know I did; and I'd keep to it if I could," was Mr. North's dismal answer—"but nobody can hold out against her." "Why should she have taken this dislike to Oliver?" rejoined Mrs. Cumberland. "Heaven knows; a caprice, I suppose. She sets herself against people without reason: she has never taken to either Richard or Bessy; and only a little to Edmund. If I can do anything for Oliver under the rose, I'll do it: my will's good to help him, Fanny, in remembrance of our friendship of the old days."

Mrs. Cumberland took home news of her non-success to Oliver. As to Madam, she simply ignored him, throwing her patronage into the scale of his rival. How bitterly the slight sat upon his heart, none save himself could tell. Mrs. Cumberland resented it; but ah, not as he did. A sense of wrong was ever weighing his spirits down, and he thought Fate was against him. One puzzle remained on his mind unsolved—what he could have done to offend Mrs. North.

Mr. Alexander obtained a fair practice: Dr. Rane barely enough to keep himself. His wants and those of the old servant Phillis were not many. Perhaps the entire fault did not lie with Madam. Alexander had the more open manner and address, and they go a long way with people; he was also an older man and a married man, and was supposed to carry better experience. A bitter sense of injury rankled ever in Oliver Rane's heart; of injury inflicted by Alexander. Meanwhile he became engaged to Bessy Rane. During an absence from home of Madam's, the doctor grew intimate at the Hall, and an attachment sprung up between him and Bessy. When Madam came back, his visits had to cease, but he saw Bessy at Mrs. Gass's and elsewhere.

I think that is all of retrospect—and a pretty long one it has been. It brings us down to the present time, to the period of the anonymous letter and Edmund North's death. Exactly two years ago this same month, May, the rival doctors had appeared in Dallory Ham; and now one of them was going to leave it.

Just an incident must be told, bearing on something that has been related, and then the chapter shall close.

The summer of the past year had been a very hot one. And a laboring man, working on Mr. North's grounds, suddenly fell; and died on the spot. Mr. Alexander, summoned hastily, thought it must have been sun-stroke. "That is what my father died of," remarked Bohun, who stood with the rest. Mr. North turned to him: "Do you say your father died of sun-stroke, Arthur?" "Yes, sir, that is what he died of, did you not know it?" was the ready reply. "You are sure of that?" continued Mr. North. "Quite sure, sir," repeated Arthur, turning his dreamy blue eyes full upon his step-father, in all their proud truthfulness.

Mr. North knew that he spoke in the sincerity of belief. Arthur Bohun possessed in an eminent degree the pride of his father's race. That innate, self-conscious sense of superiority that is a sort of safeguard to those who possess it: the *noblesse oblige* feeling that keeps them from wrong-doing. It's true Arthur Bohun held an exalted view of his birth and family; in so far as that his pride in it equalled that of any man living or dead. He was truthful, generous, honorable; the very opposite in all respects to his mother. Her pride was an assumed pride; a despicable, false, contemptible pride, offensive to those with whom she came into contact. Arthur's was one that you admired in spite of yourself. Of a tarnish to his honor, he could almost have died; to bring disgrace on his own name or on his family, would have caused him to bury his head forever. Sensitively regardful of other people's feelings, of courteous manner to all, he yet unmistakably held his own in the world. His father had been just the same; and in his day was called "Proud Bohun."

To have asserted that Major Bohun died of sun-stroke, had any doubt of the fact lain on his mind, would have been simply impossible to Arthur Bohun. Therefore, Mr. North saw that, whatever the mystery might be, in regard to the real cause of Major Bohun's death, Arthur was not cognizant of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

THE INCOME TAX.

The House of Representatives has amended the Income Tax by increasing the amount exempted from $1,000 to $2,000, limiting the extra exemption for house-rent to $500, and reducing the rate of taxation from 5 to 3 per cent. This will cut down the receipts from this source from $25,000,000 to about $9,000,000. But it is evident that it will cost just about as much, as the labor is equally great, to collect the latter as the former sum. Of the $9,000,000 collected therefore, about $6,000,000, if we are rightly informed, will be consumed in the expenses of collection.

It only needs the above simple statement to show that the privilege of distributing a large number of offices among their partisans and friends, is the main reason of Representatives for keeping this odious and inquisitorial tax in existence. Think of their claiming to be Representatives of the People, and voting to tax the country $9,000,000, knowing that only $3,000,000 of that amount will go into the Treasury! There's wisdom and good management and disinterested patriotism for you!

☞ We believe the story that butter is made out of mud now-a-days. A good deal of the butter one gets when travelling tastes as if it was made just that way.

EDGAR A. POE.

We quote from "*The Old Guard*," on the fourth page of this week's paper, a notice of Edgar A. Poe, apparently from the pen of one that knew him intimately.

The judgment there given of Poe's character in certain respects, may seem a harsh one, and yet we are afraid there is considerable truth in it.

The only time that we remember to have met with Mr. Poe, was shortly after assuming the editorship of this paper. The door of our private room opened one day, and two gentlemen entered. One of them introduced himself as Edgar A. Poe, and said he had called respecting an editorial which had appeared some time previous in THE POST, accusing him of having published as his own a work on Conchology which was really copied almost word for word from an English work on that subject. He said he wished a denial of the statement published.

We replied that we were not the editor of THE POST at the time the charge in question appeared, but that we happened to know all about it. That a brother of ours was interested in the study of Conchology, and had purchased a copy of Mr. Poe's work. It seemed upon reading very familiar to him, and having recourse to the English work referred to, which was in his library, he found the two works were precisely the same. We added to this statement, that our brother could be seen at any time at his place of business, where he would be willing to produce the English work for Mr. Poe's inspection. And if a satisfactory explanation of the curious resemblance of the two works could be given, we would cheerfully publish it in THE POST.

Mr. Poe passed a few words which we either did not hear, or do not now remember, with his friend, and bidding us good-morning left the room, saying he would see our brother upon the subject.

As Mr. Poe, however, never did see our brother upon the subject, and as no explanation ever was forwarded to us by him, we concluded that he perceived the plagiarism was too huge and palpable to be explained away, even by a master in the art of hair-splitting, and that the less that he said about it, the less other people would say about it.

That Mr. Poe was a man of genius is undoubted—that he possessed many excellent and amiable qualities we think very probable. As to his genius however, we think it shines more conspicuously in his prose than in his poetical works; although "THE RAVEN," notwithstanding it is open to the objection of being an artificial composition rather than a true and genuine Poem, must be admitted to be both an original and very impressive production.

We may add here, that we do not agree with the author of the article we have quoted, relative to the treatment of Poe by Mr. Griswold. The latter was appointed by Poe his "literary executor," and accepted the trust—and then acted as if the meaning of "executor" was *executioner*. He prefixed a biography of Poe to the official edition of his works, in which Poe's great faults of character were openly displayed. Acting in his own behalf, this would have been justifiable—but acting as the "literary executor" of Poe, it always seemed to us utterly unjustifiable. A man in such a case, it seems to us, should

"Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame."

JOURNALISM.

In a letter to our respected contemporary, Major Frean, of the Germantown Telegraph, the Hon. J. W. Forney, of "The Press," declines being considered a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Forney's letter is very pleasantly and happily written; and he tells besides some truths which we think that editors in general should consider more frequently than they do. We quote as follows:

It may be a very idle thing to say that I have not the slightest ambition to be Governor of Pennsylvania; but it is nevertheless a very true thing. The gubernatorial grapes are not sour to me; for I have never longed for them. Let me give you a few general thoughts on the subject to convince you of the perfect sincerity of this unalterable decision.

If your own proud independence as a journalist did not admonish me that newspaper men in America are most powerful out of office, the fact that our avocation has none of the *esprit du corps* of other professions would be conclusive. Take the editors of the United States as a class, and is it not true that they are signally fitted for representative, administrative and executive positions? Their very business compels them to understand government and men. They have to study the wants, the habits, the principles, the resources, and the destinies of the people. They know politics as "the seaman knows the sea." There is hardly a country-town in America, north or south, in which the local editor is not worth to the community a dozen party leaders, no matter how you consider them. And yet how rarely he is thought of. Now and then he is propitiated by a little county office, but when high honors are to be distributed some voluble lawyer or mousing incapability wins the prize, and the editor retires to his work of making public opinion for the regular nomination.

Whose fault is this? I answer, *our own*. No sooner is a journalist nominated for a prominent position than straightway journalists proceed to pull him down. Bless us! how we delight to blacken each other; and how successfully we do it is apparent by the applause of the office-hunters, who would meet a very different fate if only we could be united. I may be told that there are editors in Congress; but those who get in and stay there—men like Brooks, Colfax, Anthony, Blaine, and Dawes—have long ago given up their profession. A lawyer goes into Congress and practices his profession, and nobody complains; but let a newspaper man try the same experiment, and he is at once held up to ridicule, and always by his own associates. In France, and recently in England, some of the most influential statesmen are journalists, writing for their papers while they lead in debate; and in Germany, when Bismarck sat in the German Parliament, he was one of the best, and one of the best-known of the Berlin journalists.

I have tried the experiment to the full, and found it irksome and laborious always.

But, seriously, I have not the slightest ambition for any office whatever. Had the time I have given to public station been devoted to my business, I should to-day be a more contented and prosperous man. It is true that sort of experience has not been without its uses. I have had many opportunities to meet and to study out leading characters; to discriminate between the false and the true; to separate the gold from the dross; to realise that the nearer we get to some of the gods the surer we are to find them very common clay, indeed.

And after all is over, I do not know a more honorable position than that of an independent editor, and I come back to my work with a zest I would not exchange for a generation in the gubernatorial office. I have a very great desire to see the newspaper men as proud of their avocation, and as chivalric in their relations to each other, as the lawyers and the doctors. I would like to convince them that their recriminations are only so many confessions of their inferiority; and that, until they devote themselves to impersonal journalism, they can never enjoy the perfect self-respect without which no occupation can be permanently prosperous or pleasant. Let us not forget that we are forever making great men out of small material, and that if a very little share of the space given to assaults upon men of our own profession were given to the cultivation of a good understanding in business and social affairs among ourselves, the number of nobodies in office would diminish, and the editor would no longer be disfranchised by his readiness to fly at his brother's throat, and his willingness to help inferiority into superior position.

All of which we commend to the attention of the editorial fraternity generally. Let editors learn to be true to themselves, as well as not to be false to others. Of course they should not support a brother editor for an official position simply because he is an editor, but neither should they depreciate him simply for that cause. And more, let them cease, as Mr. Forney says, "the making of great men out of small material," to the injury of the country, and their own comparative degradation. Because a man is the candidate of a party for some high office, is no reason that he should be eulogized as a little god by one set of editors, and depreciated as an utter knave and fool by another set. In ninety-nine cases out of the hundred he is neither the one nor the other.

SINGULAR OR PLURAL.

A New York paper gives the following cases in which the name of the United States is used in the plural in the Federal Constitution:—

The Constitution says, Article II., section 1, paragraph 7, that the President shall receive during his term of office a fixed compensation for his services, and he shall not receive within that period any other emolument from *the United States or any of them*. Also, article I., section 9, paragraph 7: "No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States, and no person holding any office of profit or trust under *them*," shall receive presents from a foreign power unless with the permission of Congress. Also, Article III., section 3, paragraph 1: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against *them*, or in adhering to *their* enemies, giving them aid and comfort."

It also quotes from the thirteenth amendment, recently adopted:—

"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to *their* jurisdiction."

We believe that the custom of speaking of the United States in the plural, and using a plural verb in connection with "*them*," has been almost, if not quite, universal from the very formation of the Constitution. That this of itself is an argument, so far as it goes, that the Union is simply a league of sovereign States, we think can hardly be denied. But that the Union, as we find it now, is in its sphere a single, sovereign force, acting upon the whole people mainly by and through its own executive and judicial officers, it will also be difficult to deny. The Union as it is thus in reality, signifies the United States; and the United States the Union. And inasmuch as the Union never suggests itself to us as a plurality, and we never say, "the Union *are* at peace," so it seems to us equally incorrect to say "the United States *are* at peace."

Of course we see the inference that may be drawn from this—that the Constitution as it is, is not the Constitution as it was; that the United *States* "have" become the United STATE. But this does not necessarily follow. Our fathers may have builded stronger than they knew—or stronger than *all* of them knew. And those who had succeeded in incorporating the element of nationality into the Constitution, may not have cared to raise a strife about a mere form of words. Satisfied that they had obtained the substance of their wishes, they may have feared to endanger their work by insisting upon a proper grammatical form. For they were wise men, and the history of the world is full of proofs that the masses of mankind are often far more afraid of words than of things. Cromwell was simply "Lord *Protector*" of England, but Henry the Eighth was not more absolutely King.

THE CENSUS.

As the Census takers soon will be around, putting all manner of questions about families, and ages, and business, we may add for the satisfaction of all parties, that the askers of these questions are ordered to keep secret the facts they may be made acquainted with. Their office, like that of lawyer or priest, is said to be a strictly confidential one, and they are bound *not* to disclose, except to their official superiors, the results of their very *questionable* labors.

We would advise heads of families, in order to save time, to make a list at once of the names and ages of their children on the first of June last; the occupation of themselves, and children, when the latter have any occupation; how many of the children have attended school during the past year; the amount of their real-estate and personal property; the amount invested in their business, their profits, &c.

We may add that it is stated most solemnly, that these Census returns have no connection with the assessment of Taxes.

Many of the questions which the Census law makes imperative, are in our opinion both vexatious and useless—but of course we advise our readers to answer them as clearly and cheerfully as they can. We think them useless, because inaccurate statistics are generally rather worse than none at all; and the moment the attempt is made to procure information which bears upon the citizen's private pecuniary affairs, and which is not apparent to all eyes, the answers cannot be depended upon. We remember looking over the last census table of the circulations of the different newspapers in a certain city, and though doubtless the publishers of newspapers resemble the famous Henry Horn, (General Jackson's friend,) and "cannot lie," we came to the conclusion that anybody that re-lied upon those statistics did a very foolish thing.

When the attempt is made to go further than a simple census of the number and ages of the population—their place of birth, and some other equally plain and simple matters, the result is a huge collection of inaccurate and unreliable figures, worth very little for the purposes either of science or government. The principal advocates of such a census as that now under way, we should think must have been mere scientific theorists—who value figures, even if they mean nothing—and men who wanted government employment for themselves or friends.

THE MINORITY PRINCIPLE.—Although the official majority of the Democratic ticket in the recent election in the state of New York is about 87,000, *yet owing to the new and wise rule by which only four out of the six Judges* can be voted for by each voter, two of the Republican Judges are also elected.

The vote in New York (the whole state) was small, the Democratic vote falling off about 28 per cent., and the Republican about 51 per cent., as compared with the election in 1869. Why the vote was so small is a question that perplexes the politicians, and which our readers can decide as well as we can. We suppose that some for one reason, and others for other reasons, did not care about voting.

☞ We would call the attention of advertisers to "The Morehouse Conservative," of Bastrop, La., as an advertising medium for northern Louisiana. Rev. J. T. Davee is the editor and proprietor.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CAGED LION. A Novel. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Cameos of English History," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE. A Love Story. By the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, author of "Lothair," "Vivian Grey," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

SHERIDAN'S TROOPERS ON THE BORDERS. A Winter Campaign on the Plains. By DE B. RANDOLPH KEIM. With Numerous Illustrations. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE. Devoted to Science and the Mechanic Arts. Edited by Prof. HENRY MORTON, Ph. D., Assisted by the Committee on Publications. For May. Published by the Franklin Institute at their Hall, Philada.

THE TRANSATLANTIC.—This is a monthly containing selections from the English periodicals. Published by L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philada. The June number has been issued.

PUNCHINELLO.—This "humorous" weekly is really at last getting funny. We are glad of it, for the country needs a good funny paper. We caught ourselves laughing heartily over last week's number. We quote the following:—

THE DIFFERENCE.—Fenian General O'Neill bore down upon Canada with a martial charge, but he was sent back in a Marshal's charge.

CONDENSED CONGRESS.—Mr. Ingersoll floated his powerful mind in air-line railroads. He wanted "that air" line from Washington to New York. This are line didn't suit him. He appealed to the House to protect its members from the untold horrors of passing through Philadelphia. He had no doubt that much of the imbecility which he remarked in his colleagues, and possibly some of the imbecility they had remarked to him, were due to this dreadful ordeal. He admitted that good juleps were to be had at the Mint. But juleps had beguiled even Samson, and cut his hair off. His colleague, Logan, might not be as strong as Samson, but he would be as entirely useless and unimpressive an object with his hair off.

Then there was a debate upon the proposition to abolish the mission to Rome.

Mr. Brooks said most of his constituents were Roman Catholics. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Dawes said that Brooks used to be a Know-Nothing. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Cox said that they used to burn witches in Massachusetts. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Hoar said they didn't. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Voorhees said they burnt a Roman Catholic Asylum in Boston. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Dawes said they burnt a Negro Asylum in New York. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Voorhees said Dawes was another. Therefore there should be a mission to Rome.

Mr. Bingham said Powell was a much better painter than Titian, and Vinnie Ream a much better sculptor than Michael Angelo. Therefore there should not be a mission to Rome.

Republican Chorus—You are.
Democratic Chorus—We ain't.
Republican Chorus—You did.
Democratic Chorus—We didn't.
Solo by the Speaker—Order.
Democratic Chorus—There should be (*da capo* with gavel accompaniment.)
Republican Chorus—There should not be (ditto, ditto.) After weighing these arguments, the House adjourned without doing anything about it.

ITALY.—Bishop Vercelli last week declared, in a sermon, that railroads, telegraphs, and the press, were all inventions of the devil. A correspondent of the Tribune at once sent him word that this was a mistake. Horace Greeley had already proved that railroads and telegraphs were inventions of British Free Trade; and that the press had been invented by his grandfather, for the promulgation of protection.

PERSIFLAGE.—Jenkins (chaffing glazier, who is mending basement window behind an iron grating.)—"Now, my friend, don't try to get out that way. You know you must have been put in for *something*, and you'll only aggravate matters if you try to break jail."

MISS KELLOGG.—
She has a pretty little voice, and uses it
In pretty little ways. If she would sing
In pretty little theatres she'd make a hit
In pretty little parts. That's everything
That can be said for her. Cease then to claim
That "Kellogg" should be writ next Grisi's name.

More About California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Expedition Underground.

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, May 25, 1870.

In a former letter, I endeavored to give a general idea of the extent of quartz mining in Grass Valley township. The North Star mine, to which I then referred as yielding its fifteen to thirty thousand dollars per month, shall now have a separate mention as a representative of the most complete type of a rich and ably managed mine. As such it has been frequently spoken of to me, so accepting the polite invitation of Mr. Dudly Hoyt, the managing superintendent, I made a recent visit of observation there.

The old idea that in gold regions gold could necessarily be had for the mere picking up, has long since become one of the things of the past; nevertheless, there is but little general conception, outside of the mining world, of the complicated process by which gold must be extracted from its resting place of ages, and made ready for use. And, in fact, one really needs to go into an extensive mine and intelligently view the operations there and in the mill above, to fully comprehend the immense labor which must be expended before profits can arise.

The quartz vein or lode upon which the North Star Company's claims are situated, extends from east to west with a dip of about twenty-three degrees to the north. Those desirous of having a clear picture of a quartz vein presented to the mind's eye, should fancy a solid slab placed slantingly in succession with other strata of the Earth's crust—this particular one is encased in what miners call greenstone, and varies from a few inches to four or five feet in thickness, with an average of about two feet. Through this vein are distributed many sulphurets, with which gold is most frequently associated, although it often appears in free masses implanted in beautifully marked quartz. The North Star furnishes jewelers with the handsomest specimens for poli-hing and working up. I possess several articles made from the rock of this mine, and purchased of a Grass Valley jeweler.

The North Star is opened by an inclined shaft, sunk on the course of the vein to a depth of 1,300 feet, giving a vertical depth of 500 feet. A little tram car, hoisted by machinery with a wire rope, is used to carry the rock out of the mine to its place in the twenty-four stamp crushing mill above. Upon the same track was placed the "passenger" car, which was to introduce me for the first time into the interior of a quartz mine. As I took my seat, with the rest of my party, the order "slow as possible," fell gratefully upon my ear—for I had rather anticipated making the descent with something not far removed from lightning speed. In fact having prepared myself to undergo any amount of discomforture for the sake of obtaining such an opportunity for observation as I desired, I was no little surprised at the facility with which the trip was made.

From the main shaft drifts are cut through the vein upon levels averaging about an hundred feet apart, and at one of these openings, from one to two hundred feet from the bottom of the main shaft, we alighted and proceeded to explore the subterranean galleries. Upon leaving the car we were introduced to Mr. Benallack, the underground foreman, and of his pleasant manner of initiating me into the underground mysteries I shall always retain an agreeable reminiscence. With candles in hand we ranged from gallery to gallery, and found constant cause for wonderment at the ease with which we made our way through these and the passes that connect them. In many mines, I am told, one is not infrequently compelled to travel upon hands and knees, whilst we were obliged to resort to this mode of circumlocution but once. This is owing, of course, to the admirable order and regularity with which the work is carried on.

On our way down into the mine the extensive pumping machinery, with the new sixteen inch pump, was pointed out to me. The enormous volume of water thus discharged almost passes belief, for there is a vast supply to be disposed of as operations progress. All around in every direction little streams of water now ooze slowly from out all possible interstices of the rocks, now trickle more swiftly down in a slender thread, pure, cold and crystal-like. From one of these I was invited to take a "miner's drink." I placed my lips to the rock and enjoyed a delicious draught, but regret to admit that in so doing I afforded unbounded amusement to the gentlemen, who assured me it was very plain I knew not how to take a miner's drink. One cannot always conduct oneself gracefully upon first trial.

We passed an hour in wandering about, and during that time went over many hundred feet of ground, yet we saw but a moiety of the whole extent opened. Many workmen were engaged in breaking rock with the pickaxe, others in piling it into the car for hoisting. Sometimes we would come upon a group preparing to make a blast, and again we would sometimes hear a distant rumbling of blasting upon a level beneath the drift we were walking through. Several quite small boys are employed in the mine in various capacities. One bright-eyed little lad of about twelve years of age, who attends to collecting the tools that require sharpening, seemed endowed with the faculty of being everywhere at once. We encountered him in various directions, hastening eagerly from point to point, unflaggingly discharging his duties. By the dim light of the candles many a weird, fantastic scene attracted me, while in those galleries where no work was being prosecuted the still solemnity was almost oppressive.

About 150 men are employed in the mine and mill. Workmen enter the former through a vertical shaft by means of a ladder, and are locked in by the upper foreman. Under his inspection, too, in the building over the shaft they assume the miner's costume, and change again for their ordinary garments when at the sound of the bell, announcing that the day's labor is done, they ren-end the ladder. Not an article of clothing worn underground is permitted to go forth with the wearer, not even the boots. Thus there is afforded little encouragement to yield to the temptation of carrying away rich specimens.

The process of crushing the rock, washing the pulverized mass into sluice boxes where quicksilver separates the gold from the refuse matter, drying and pressing the amalgam thus formed into balls, and finally retorting and melting the free gold into bars, with the various other attendant processes, are all very interesting to watch. I have had ample opportunity to follow much of this in detail, but space forbids me to dwell further upon it here. Besides much enjoyment and entertainment, I carried away from the North Star as trophies of my visit two fine specimens, one containing gold in sulphuret, the other free gold, kindly presented me by Mr. Hoyt. AUBER FORESTIER.

☞ Fun says: "We learn from a contemporary that, under the title 'The Vexed Question, and how to solve it,' Miss Faithful has during the last fortnight delivered a lecture at the leading literary institutes between Exeter and Penzance on the present needs and claims of women. Our sympathies are entirely with the question. We don't in the least wonder at its being 'vexed,' when so much nonsense is talked about it."

☞ In order to settle the reports that he is engaged in Fenian or Cuban raids, Col. Moseby has written that he has no connection or sympathy with Fenian raiders or Cuban filibusters.

☞ North Bridgewater, Mass., is experimenting on three-wheeled wagons, which causes quite a sensation in that town.

☞ The total losses of the Fenians during the late raid are now stated at eleven killed and seventeen wounded, three mortally.

☞ Switzerland, though noted for the skill of its manufactures and the perfection of its varied industries, has no system of patent law. Since 1800, the matter has been under consideration several times, but it appears to be the conviction of the people, that such laws are really injurious to industry and the progress of mechanic arts.

☞ Now is the time for country boarding house and hotel keepers to advertise in THE POST, as thousands of families are looking about for pleasant quarters for the summer.

☞ A despatch from Wilmington, North Carolina, says the Republican County Convention nominated a colored man for State Senator, three colored men for the Assembly, and a colored Sheriff. The whites are said to be considerably dissatisfied with the greediness for office of the colored brethren.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—Sales comprise 9000 bbls at prices ranging from $4,75@5 for superfine; $5@5,37½ for extra; $5,12½@7 for city mills extra family; $5,50@5,75 for Wisconsin and Iowa family; $6,75@6,25 for Minnesota family; $5,75@6,25 for Penna family; $6@6,50 for Indiana and Ohio do; $7@7,50 for Penna and Western fancy, and $8@8,50 for Southern fancy. 350 bbls Rye Flour sold at $5,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—800 bus Penna red sold at $1,23; 500 bus Ohio red at $1,23½; 800 bus Western red at $1,20; 2000 bus Penna red at $1,23; 5000 bus Indiana red at $1,23½. Rye—1200 bus Western sold in lots at $1, and 1000 bus prime Penna at $1,10. Corn—10,000 bus Western mixed sold at $1,05@1,06; 400 bus Western white at $1,10; 5000 bus Penna yellow at $1,10; 1700 bus choice Penna yellow afloat at $1,12. Oats—30,000 bus Western sold at 59@61c; 8000 bus choice bright Penna at 64@65c, and 25,000 bus prime Penna at 61@63c ₱ bus, and 4000 bus prime Penna afloat at 61@62c ₱ bushel.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new Mess Pork at $20,75@20. Mess Beef at $21@22 ₱ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams at $32@33 ₱ bbl. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 15@16c; Excelsior Hams at 20c; Sides at 15@15½, and Shoulders at 12½@13½c. Lard; sales of 300 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 17½c. Butter; sales of good roll at 25@30c; very choice do at 32c; choice New York tub at 37@38c; Penna and Western and solid packed range from 22 to 30c. Cheese at 15@18½c. Eggs at 23@24c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—400 bales middlings sold at 22½@23c for uplands and 23½c ₱ ℔ for New Orleans, closing at 22½@23½c ₱ ℔.

BARK—Sales of No. 1 Quercitron at $27 ₱ ton. Chestnut at $14 ₱ cord.

FEATHERS—There is a steady demand for prime Western at 78@80c ₱ ℔.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $5@6 for Western New York. Dried Peaches and Apples—sales of Apples at 5@6c, and Peaches at 7@8c for quarters, 8@9c for halves, and 17@20c for pared. Blackberries sell at 11½@12½c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 ℔s, $1,40@1,50; Mixed do $1,25@1,30; Straw $1,20@1,40.

IRON—There is more doing; 2000 tons of Lehigh crane sold at $22,50 for No 1, and $20 ₱ ton for No 2. Bar Iron is quoted at $70@77 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Clover seed at $6@7. Timothy at $6@7. Flaxseed at $2,25@2,26 ₱ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from 10½@11 cts ₱ ℔. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 50 ₱ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6c ₱ ℔. 2500 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 13,75 ₱ 100 ℔s.

☞ The fruit crop for 1870 is said to be excellent in all parts of the country, with brilliant prospects for an abundant yield.

☞ Physicians of Paris report that the practical value of vaccination as a preventive of small-pox has been professionally demonstrated by actual observation in that city during the past month.

☞ Grocers are reminded that honest tea is the best policy.

Any person desiring work as agent, by addressing at once E. THORNTON, Hoboken, N. J., will learn of something that will net them from $10 to $30 a week. mar26-2m

☞ Messrs. WANAMAKER & BROWN, of this city, claim to have the largest clothing house in America. Even New York, they say, cannot boast of an establishment like Oak Hall. We have purchased clothing there repeatedly, and been well suited as to cut and price. ap30-tf

The Living Machine.

Injure the main spring of a watch and every portion of the works becomes disordered. The human stomach is to the human system what that elastic piece of metal is to a chronometer. It influences the action of the other organs, and controls, to a certain extent, the whole living machine. The comparison may be carried further; for as the weakness or other imperfections of the main spring is indicated on the face of the time-piece, so also is the weakness or other disorder of the stomach betrayed by the face of the invalid. The complexion is sallow or faded, the eyes are deficient in lustre and intelligence, and there is a worn, anxious expression in the whole countenance which tell as plainly as written words could do, that the *great nourishing organ* whose office it is to minister to the wants of the body, and to sustain and renew all its parts, is not performing its duty. It requires renovating and regulating, and to accomplish this end HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS may be truly said to be *the one thing needful*. The broken main spring of a watch may be replaced by a new one, but the stomach can only be repaired and strengthened, and this is one of the objects of the famous vegetable restorative which for eighteen years has been waging a successful contest with dyspepsia in all climates. As a specific for indigestion it stands alone. When the resources of the pharmacopœia have been exhausted, without, at best, doing more than mitigating the complaint, a course of this wholesome and palatable, yet powerful, stomachic effects a perfect and permanent cure. In all cases of dyspepsia the liver is more or less disordered, and upon this important gland, as well as upon the stomach and bowels, the Bitters act with singular distinctness, regulating and reinvigorating every secretive and assimilating organ on which bodily and mental health depend. jel-1m

Skin Diseases.—A Cure Guaranteed.

"Swayne's Ointment" } CURES ITCH, TETTER!
"Swayne's Ointment" } CURES ITCH, TETTER!
"Swayne's Ointment" } RING WORM, SALT RHEUM!
"Swayne's Ointment" } BLOTCHES, ITCHING PILES,
"Swayne's Ointment" } &c!

Sold by dealers everywhere. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail, to any address for 60 cents, postage paid. Letters asking advice, will be promptly and gratuitously answered. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 6th st., Philadelphia. my14 eowtf

Nervous Headache, Liver Complaint, &c., &c. The brain being the most delicate and sensitive of all our organs, is necessarily more or less affected by all our bodily ailments. A headache is often the first symptom of a serious disease. If the nervous system is affected, there is always trouble at its source in the peric anium. And it may be here remarked that as the nervous fibre pervades the entire frame, no part of the physical structure can be affected without the nerves suffering sympathetically. Liver complaint of every type affects the brain. Sometimes the effect is stupor, confusion of ideas, hypochondriasis; sometimes persistent or periodical headache. In any case, the best remedy that can be taken is PLANTATION BITTERS. In headache proceeding from indigestion or biliousness, or both, the stomachic and anti-bilious properties of the preparation will soon relieve the torture, by removing the cause. If the complaint is purely nervous—in other words, if it has originated in the nervous system, and is not the result of sympathy, the Bitters will be equally efficacious.

So light and delicate are all the preparations made from SEA MOSS FARINE that it is invaluable for invalids and all those requiring a light and easily digested food.

"A Standard Remedy."

Such an article is *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment*. It has stood before the public for 23 years, and has never failed giving satisfaction in a single instance. Every drop of this valuable compound is mixed by DR. TOBIAS himself, therefore, it can always be relied upon. It is warranted superior to any other for the cure of chronic rheumatism, toothache, headache, sore throat, vomiting, frosted feet, mumps, croup, burns, cuts, sea sickness, insect stings, sprains, cholera, colic, spasms, dysentery, bruises, colds, coughs, old sores, swellings, pains in the limbs, back and chest. There is no medicine in the world that stands more on its own merits than the "Venetian Liniment." Thousands of certificates can be seen at the doctor's office, attesting to its rare virtues. Sold by all druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Price, 50 cents and one dollar per bottle. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. jel-1m

How to Look Young—Sixteen.

Don't paint or use vile hair restorers, but simply apply Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and use Lyon's Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion pearly, soft and natural, and you can't tell what did it. It removes freckles, tan, sallowness, ring marks, moth patches, etc.; and in place of a red, rustic face, you have the marble purity of an exquisite belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of perpetual youth. Add these effects to a splendid head of hair produced by the Kathairon, and a lady has done her best in the way of adornment. Brothers will have no spinster sisters when these articles are around. je4-1m

Fits, Fits.

This valuable medicine has cured hundreds of epileptic fits, spasms and convulsions, and is the only reliable remedy known; the medicine most wanted is that which will afford a speedy and effectual cure, as Grimley's Nervine Cordial, the compound of a qualified practitioner in Europe. Send for sample bottle free of charge. Sold only by THOMAS GRIMLEY, Druggist, 333 Fourth Avenue, New York. je4-1f

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. ap2-3m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains NO LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. ap16-3m

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Hadway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co., 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 123 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in constant use for twelve years. I think it the best family machine in use."—*John Higgins, Lexington, Ky.*

Inquire Within.

The mouth is like a house to let. However pretty it may be externally, it is impossible to judge of its merits until you have seen the inside. If behind the ruby doors there are plenty of pearl-white fixtures, you will exclaim at once, "How beautiful!" To impart the utmost possible brilliancy, there is nothing like fragrant *Sozodont*.

"SPALDING'S GLUE" mends everything.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of May, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM MONELL to Miss HANNAH C., daughter of Mr. Geo. D. Austin, both of this city.

On the 26th of May, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. FREDERICK PELLY to Mrs. FANNIE M. EISENBRO, both of this city.

On the 25th of April, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, HARVEY E. HAY to Miss EMMA J. MCCORD, both of this city.

On the 15th of May, by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. DAVID WEBB to Miss HARRIET A. COLLINS, both of this city.

On the 26th of May, by the Rev. P. Brown, Mr. JAMES M. SPENCER to Miss NINA W. SNYDER, both of this city.

On the 26th of May, by the Rev. Joseph Welch, Mr. JOHN C. WORMNOT to Miss MARY C. STOKES, daughter of Rowland H. Stokes, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of May, ELIZA, wife of John Sinclair, aged 42 years.

On the 31st of May, SARAH ANN, wife of Jos. H. Pawling, in her 25th year.

On the 30th of May, JOSEPH W. GIBSON, in his 51st year.

On the 30th of May, JOHN S. ROBERTS, in his 57th year.

On the 30th of May, Mrs. MARGARET PLUMMER, aged 80 years.

On the 29th of May, JOHN F., son of the late Henry and Eliza Meyer, in his 29th year.

On the 29th of May, SAMUEL H. CULP, in his 45d year.

On the 29th of May, JOHN LEONARD, aged 40 years.

On the 28th of May, JOSHUA A. PEARSON, in his 73d year.

EDWIN R. SHEPHERD.

We have a telegraphic dispatch of the death of a young Philadelphian, Edwin R. Shepherd, in Paris. This gentleman after receiving a superior education in Europe, graduated, and returned to his native city, where he began the study of the law with the Hon. W. A. Porter of Philadelphia. He subsequently removed to France, and after a few years residence in Paris his mother in April last was suddenly summoned to his death-bed. Hastily leaving Philadelphia she arrived only to learn that her only child, her tenderly cherished son, had eight days before closed his eyes in death. The afflicted mother now mingles her tears with those of the disconsolate widow, sorrowing and heart-broken in a foreign land.

Young, ambitious, and of high moral worth, our valued friend has closed his noble life in the prime of manhood; and, however, consoling the hope we cherish of the new and better life into which he has now entered, it is impossible to dispel the mournful depression which his untimely loss has occasioned. Ending his days upon a foreign soil he remained to the last devoted and faithful to his native land, and especially cherishing the love which he bore for the mother whose whole life had been dedicated to his, the beauty and loveliness of their characters always closely and fondly allied.

The writer of this heart-felt tribute to the memory of a life-long friend can no better express his sympathy and sorrow than in the poet's apostrophe,

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my early days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Or named thee but to praise."

C.

May 31, 1870.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Roofs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

The Mormons.

Rev. W. B. Wright, in his recent lecture in Boston, on the Mormons, said:—

The object of his lecture was to contribute something towards an intelligent answer to the question, "What shall we do with the Mormons?" Although there was much to condemn in the customs of Mormon society, he said, there were many redeeming qualities to be found among the Mormon people, and these should be carefully considered in deciding how to deal with them. Mr. Wright said that while he was among the Mormons, he attended their church on Sunday; and he gave an interesting description of the appearance of the congregation, and the manner in which the services were conducted. The body of the house was reserved for the women, and the men sat on each side in long rows, facing them. The women did not appear very attractive to him; each one of them seemed to have remembered the style when she left the gentiles, and dressed accordingly. Some wore their hats tipped up, and some tipped down; some of the bonnets were like corn-hoppers, and some consisted of two rows of straw with a feather between them; some wore a great deal of hair, and some very little. Every one seemed to consider herself in full dress, if she had a single article of finery about her.

Before going to Salt Lake City, he had never seen twenty women together without seeing something attractive about them; but of the two thousand women he saw in that Morman congregation, there was not one that it was not a penance to look at. It was something other than the blandishments of beauty that lay at the root of the evil in Utah. There might be fair women among them, but they didn't go to church. The impression made by the appearance of the women was their supreme seriousness, earnestness, and devotion. It required a monstrous deal of devotion to go to church with a scarecrow bonnet on without being aware of the fact.

Mr. Wright gave an amusing sketch of the low style of oratory common among the Mormons, after which he discussed the secret of the success of that people. This he ascribed to their industry, their religion, and their desire for an infallible guide. It was idle to suppose that men whose talents would secure them wealth anywhere would establish such a colony for the sake of riches; lust was not so hard to gratify in large cities that they should go out to Utah to build a harem of hags; and self-indulgence sought the tropics instead of a desert, which they, in their love of labor, had made a paradise. The leaders among the Mormons were sincere men; they believed they were inspired of God as much as Moses ever believed himself to be inspired of God. Brigham Young began an humble seeker of truth, but being isolated from the world among an ignorant people who believed him to be infallible, it was natural that his egotism should be fostered. Any legislation based upon the theory that these men did not believe what they affirmed would be lamentably ineffectual.

An Allegory.

The old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his field with his own hands, and depositing the promising seeds in the fruitful lap of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?"

"If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson, replied the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."—*From the German.*

☞ In Paris, fashionable ladies now wear strings of small silver bells around their necks.

WHEN JONQUILS BLOOM.

"What shall we wear when jonquils bloom?"
The hum of girlish chat
Came softly to the ingle nook
Where I, a dreamer, sat
Between the line of firelight flash
And daylight's purple gloom,
Thinking how girlish face and form
Gladdened the dim old room.

"What will you wear, Anita, dear—
Garnet, or friar's gray?
I mean to wear a lovely blue,
Made in a charming way.
I'll have pink roses in my hat,
Just perched upon the brim;
Somebody likes them—you know who—
Not that I care for him!

"But one loves roses for themselves.
And you—what will you wear?
Oh, if you wish a lovely shade,
You need but match your hair.
What funny shopping that would be,
Where fabrics, wide unrolled,
Would lack—this one the shadow brown,
And that, the gleaming gold!"

"Nay, Myrtle, I shall foil my locks,
Not match them; so 'twill be
A pansy purple, made *en suite*,
A basque, and flounces three;
A chain of gold about my neck,
And golden gloves, you know!"
The tea-bell rang. That night—ah me!
It seems so long ago!

For I have seen them clad for spring,
When May blooms reddened fair.
The shadow of a mourner's veil
Was o'er Anita's hair.
The robing of an orphan child
Above a torn heart stirred,
And a little cry of bitter woe
Was the weary sound I heard.

I saw sweet Myrtle white and still,
Like a little child at rest;
No roses nodded o'er her brow,
But lay on a stirless breast.
No azure robe about her fell,
But white, like sunless snow.
These were the robes the maidens wore
When jonquils ceased to blow. E. L.

"Down Among the Dead Men."

EDGAR A. POE.

A recent writer in a Southern periodical complains of the unfair treatment of Poe by Rufus W. Griswold, in the biographical sketch prefixed to the poems of the former, asserting that he assailed him after he was dead. But though Griswold spoke of those peccadilloes of Poe best known, he softened those he noticed, and omitted much that he might have said. Still, had Griswold reflected, he might have put in an ingenious plea in behalf of the poet, and have assumed that Poe's frequent violations of the code of morals and honor, was from the lack of a thorough appreciation of right and wrong. Poe's mind was not well balanced. Certain of the intellectual faculties were in excess, while some of the moral ones appeared to be deficient. I doubt, indeed, whether with all his undoubtedly fine genius, he was not a moral idiot. Griswold had himself reason to know, if I may credit Poe's statement. The latter came to me one day chuckling over "a neat little trick" he had just played upon Griswold.

"I told him that I thought he had made a capital book of his 'Poets and Poetry of America,' and I'd like to write a favorable review of it; but I was hard pressed for money, and couldn't afford the time. He bit at the bait like a hungry gudgeon, and told me to write the notice, and as his publishers could use it, he would pay me for them my price. So I wrote, and handed it to him, and he paid me."

"Well?" I asked, for I saw nothing in that but one of the tricks of the publishing trade.

"I knew he wouldn't read it until he got home," continued Poe, "but I should like to have seen his face when he got to the middle."

"Wasn't it favorable, then?"

"Favorable? Yes! to the amateur in scalping. I abused the book and ridiculed him, and gave him the most severe using up he ever had, or ever will have I fancy. I don't think he'll send *that* to his publishers, and I'm quite sure they wouldn't print it if he did."

"It is a good joke—of its kind," was my answer. "You did not keep the money?"

"Keep it? No, indeed! I spent it at once."

Now, no amount of argument would convince him that he had not obtained money under false pretences in the matter; there was no intent of wrong itself.

Another case occurs to me which will put the matter in an even clearer light. Poe came into my office one day, looking especially haggard. He had evidently just got through one of his drinking bouts, and looked very much the worse for it. I commenced to lecture him a little, but he interrupted me with—"Oh, you needn't say a word on that. I've made up my mind on that subject, and I've given my word as a gentleman and a man of honor never to drink anything but cold water again. But I'm in a terrible strait. I promised the Bostonians to read them an original poem this week, and I got on this beat, and never wrote a line. I haven't time now, and what to do I don't know."

I suggested that he should write, postponing the delivery two weeks; and he might say that circumstances, over which he had no control,—for he had no control over himself in the matter of drink—had prevented him, and so on. "Better still," I said, "to plead simply that you would explain when you came, and then tell the truth frankly to some member of the committee."

"Yes," he answered, "but they're to pay me for it, and I want the money."

"You can't expect to get it, unless you earn it."

"Can't I? Well, you'll see. I've just thought of a way." And off he went.

He appeared in Boston on the night set, and read a juvenile poem, written before he was of age—he used to say when he was a child, but that was an exaggeration. He had a critical audience, who were dissatisfied and disappointed; but they treated him with courtesy. On his return, finding his work was criticised sharply in the Boston papers, he wrote a series of paragraphs for "The Broadway Journal," vehemently assailing the Bostonians, and asserting that he had planned the thing deliberately; that he had selected the greatest trash possible to test their literary acumen; that they had gone into raptures over it; that they were asses and noodles—I think he used those very words—and claiming it as a great triumph. It never entered his head to think there was anything wrong in this.

I could name a dozen other instances of this same lack of appreciation. To hold such a man to a strict responsibility for his acts is unfair. You might as well convict the raving lunatic of murder. It was not his fault that he had no sense of honor, and no feeling of shame. The fact of which Griswold speaks, transcribing a copy of Captain Brown's work on Conchology, and selling it to a Philadelphia publisher as his own original production, would have been a crime in another; but Poe had no idea that he was obtaining money on false pretences. He thought it all fair, and a clever piece of diplomacy. The unfairness of Griswold did not consist in mentioning facts that were necessary to be known, but in not stating the one great fact that would explain, and in some measure excuse, them.

I could tell some very curious anecdotes about Poe; but as they would not add anything to his good reputation, and as what I have said will be enough to palliate a good many of his short-comings by showing his irresponsibility, I refrain. But one thing should be noticed. Some fool-critic, a few years since, charged him with stealing "The Raven" from the Persian, with which language Poe was familiar. The charge is utterly false. Poe knew no more of the Persian than he did of the Choctaw, and nothing of either. In two places in "The Raven," there is a line taken from the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship"—a quite unconscious borrowing; but the spirit, recurring refrain, general idea and mode of management of the poem, are all Poe's own. Perhaps the charge was retributive justice, however. Poe was very fond of charging others with plagiarism: accusing Longfellow, for instance, with having stolen from him and from others. But in either his prose or poetry Poe was the master of his art. Some one has compared him with Savage. In his private life there are few points of resemblance, and in ingenuity and the inventive faculty, he was Savage's infinite superior.

CORNELIUS W. LAWRENCE.

A scrap of paper containing an announcement of death, brings Lawrence to my mind. He was Collector of the Port under Polk, succeeding Van Ness. Lawrence was an agreeable gentleman, according to my recollection; but he was much bothered by the politicians, and it annoyed him extremely. He loved to baffle them in a quiet way. I remember his telling me of one instance in which I was concerned. I was passing through the rotunda one day, just as he was about entering his private office, when he saw and beckoned me with his finger. I crossed over and entered the office with him.

"I wish you had been here yesterday," he said, "in some place where you could have got a good look at Coddington's face. Three of them came in, with Coddington at the head, and asked me to appoint —— —— as weigher."

"'—— —— is a very good man,' I said, 'I dare say.'"

"They urged his claims strongly; but I told them there was no vacancy."

"'Can't you make one?' said Coddington.

"'Why,' said I, 'there is no one in, at present, who is not strongly backed.'

"Then Coddington mentioned your name, and said that you were one of Van Ness's appointments, and might be removed."

"The deuce he did!" I replied.

"Yes. I told him that I would be very happy to turn you out and put —— —— in; but there were three gentlemen who insisted on your being retained, and it was very hard to disoblige them. In fact, it would be very unpleasant to do it."

"'Who are they?' said Coddington, rather abruptly.

"'One of them, Mr. Coddington, is Mr. Walker, the Secretary of the Treasury; another is Mr. Dallas, the Vice President; the third is Mr. Polk, the President. They all made such a point of it, that I am afraid I can't oblige you in that instance. Couldn't you think of some one else?'

"They changed the subject," continued Lawrence, chuckling; "they changed the subject."

NATHANIEL CHAPMAN.

How I came to omit the name of Dr. Chapman, when I spoke of some of the Philadelphia physicians, I cannot tell. It was the play of Hamlet, with the princely Dane left out. For Dr. Chapman, during a long term of years, was not only the professor most identified with the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, but stood very high as a humorist, particularly as a punster. Punning used to be very much practiced in Philadelphia, even by respectable people. At present, men of culture there are not so much addicted to it, and with advancing civilization, it will, probably, die out. But Chapman made his debut as a joker with a very neat pun. It was Preble, or some one, who was about to sail for Algiers, to bring the Dey to reason by the argument of shot and shell; and by way of balance to the belly-full of fighting he was to have before Algiers, the Philadelphians gave him a belly-full of feed at a public dinner, and set all jokes before him. When Chapman's toast was called for, he proposed: "Preble—*Carpe diem!*"

From that time forth Chapman had to bear the reputation of all the floating puns, outside of those appertaining to the bar, of which Ned Ingraham had the monopoly; and a volume might be made of the stories in which he figures, some of them not suitable for boarding-school use, however. In his lectures he had a standard stock of jokes that were fired off every season, and duly applauded by the students. One of these I remember, quite good in its way, though when heard several seasons in succession, it lost the main merit—unexpectedness. "You will observe, gentlemen," said the Professor, "one fatal sign in this disease, when forming your prognosis—a relaxation of the upper part of the mouth. A man so recover in typhus fever *must keep a stiff upper lip!*"

I shall not readily forget Chapman's manner to me when he examined me for my doctor's degree. I was terribly scared, and very much confused, so much so that when he asked me the first questions, I hesitated, stammered, and at length said: "I—I—don't know."

"Don't know? Pooh! pooh! You're sitting too near the fire. You're too hot. Draw your chair back, and take time. You know well enough."

His manner reassured me, and I answered the questions correctly.

"H'm! Didn't know, indeed!" And he resumed his queries, which I answered. Presently he spoke of a patient that he had seen that day, detailed his symptoms minutely, and asked me to make out the diagnosis. By this time my embarrassment had returned. Things grew very much mixed in my mind, and I fell back on a plea of ignorance.

"I don't believe a word of it," he said. "You are only confused. "You're too hot. You're too near the fire yet. Go over there by the window, and cool yourself. There—that will do."

His manner was so amusing, and his apparent belief in my real knowledge so earnest, that it relieved me of my confusion, and I not only gave my opinion of the disease, but even entered into a discussion, and defended my views in the matter. When I had done, he looked at me with a twinkle in his eye—few whoever saw it would forget his peculiar glance at such a time—and said:

"You are perfectly right. I know you were too hot before. If you were a son of mine, I'd thresh you. Never plead ignorance until you are sure you know you don't know. In the practice of medicine it is highly important to keep cool, and thus be able to think quickly. If I had taken your answer at first, I'd have dismissed you, and thought all my instruction thrown away. Instead of knowing nothing, you knew all about it. Now send in another gentleman to be hackled a little."—*The Old Guard.*

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE HAPSBURGS.

BY LADY ALICE HAY.

In the vault of the imperial chapel at Vienna there rest one small simple coffin. More than a century has elapsed since the day when it was deposited in that gloomy mansion of the dead; and, perhaps, very few persons are acquainted with the brief touching story of the young princess whose ashes it contains.

The Archduchess Maria Josepha was the fairest, the gentlest, and the most beloved of the six beautful daughters of Maria Theresa and Francis of Lorraine. The emperor idolized her, and the imperious empress-queen, who had little time or inclination to lavish caresses on her children, was known to regard her with peculiar indulgence. Contemporary writers all agree in praising the beauty, the peculiar sweetness of disposition, and the winning grace which made the young archduchess so lovely and so lovable; whilst her passionate attachment for her family, and especially for her father, made her their idol. The sudden death of the Emperor Francis in 1764, was the first shadow cast on the bright existence of Josepha; and it is said that from thenceforth a deep melancholy oppressed the young archduchess.

Time passed away: the princess was now in her sixteenth year, and rumors of her approaching marriage had already been for some months in circulation, when it was officially announced that the hand of Maria Josepha of Hapsburg-Lorraine had been plighted to the young King Ferdinand II. of Naples. The alliance was in every way brilliant and advantageous; it seemed an influential and important ally to the Austrian empire; it increased the dignity of the imperial family; and it enabled Maria Theresa to encircle the brow of her beautiful daughter with a crown matrimonial. The marriage-treaty was signed, the preparations completed, and the betrothal took place on the 8th of August, 1767. The empress was radiants with smiles, the court put aside the mourning and gloom which had hung over it since the emperor's death, and became once more the scene of gayety and splendor. Fetes, balls, entertainments of every kind followed in rapid succession, and only one person seemed to shrink from the bridal festivities: that person was the imperial bride herself.

From the moment when the fact of her betrothal to Ferdinand of Naples had been announced to her, Josepha's deep melancholy had steadily increased. Day by day she became more gloomy and depressed. She showed no interest in the preparations for her journey. She appeared indeed at the court festivities, but it was evident that her thoughts were far otherwise occupied. More than once she was heard to declare that her marriage would never take place, and that the journey to Naples would never be undertaken by her. But no one heeded the princess's prediction. The day for her marriage by proxy was fixed, and also that for her quitting Vienna.

The evening before the wedding-day the empress sent for her daughter, and commanded her to repair *alone* to the imperial vault; and there, kneeling by her father's coffin, to pray for the repose of his soul. The archduchess shrank from this ghastly ordeal. She entreated her mother to spare her so painful and terrifying a task; but prayers and entreaties were in vain. Maria Theresa was little used to opposition, especially from her own children; she refused to listen to her daughter's pleading, and she peremptorily insisted on her orders being obeyed.

Josepha descended alone into the vault, where a short time before had been buried the remains of the Empress Marie Josephine of Saxony, wife of Joseph II., who had died of malignant small-pox.

"I go to my tomb," were the mournful words of the archduchess; and her presentiment was fatally verified. The following day she was taken ill; small-pox soon declared itself, and after a very short struggle for life, Josepha died on the day that had been fixed for her leaving Vienna for Naples.

The coffin of the archduchess was placed by that of her father; and if Maria Theresa felt any remorse for her cruel despotism, she speedily forgot her bereavement in negotiations for securing the Neapolitan alliance to her next daughter, the Archduchess Caroline. She became Queen of Naples, and her career of political and personal infamy is too well known to need any recapitulation.

The eagerly desired alliance brought only shame and disaster to those concerned in it. And who will not say that the more fortunate of the royal sisters was the early dead, dying in the spring-tide of her youth, unsullied by the world, ignorant alike of its pleasures and its sorrows?

Truly of Josepha of Austria may it be said, that she was "taken away from the evil to come."

☞ Single ladies, in general, do not approve of the remarriage of widows. A young lady in Pittsburg, who was approaching the "middle ages," was in the habit of saying, whenever she heard of a widow's marriage, "There now! That woman has got one of my husbands!"

RE-UNION.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Let us drink together, fellows, as we did in days of yore,
And still enjoy the golden hours that fortune has in store;
The absent friends remembered be, in all that's sung or said,
And love immortal consecrate the memory of the dead.

Fill every goblet to the brim!—let every heart be filled
With kindly recollections, and all bitter ones be stilled!
Come round me, dear old fellows, and in chorus as we sing,
Life's autumn days shall be as glad as were its days of spring.

Drink, brothers, to the absent who are living, first of all,
While each familiar name and face we lovingly recall!
The generous, and brave, and good! The kind, and frank, and true—
Who knew not how false words to speak, or what was base to do.

We see the faces of the dead: they hover in the air;
And looking on us lovingly, our mirth they seem to share;
Oh, dearly loved! though ye have gone to other stars or spheres,
We still have for you thoughts of love and consecrated tears.

Pour a libation rich with love upon the graves that hold
The ashes of the gallant hearts that long ago grew cold;
And swear that never party feuds or civil war shall break
Our bonds of love, and enemies of friends and comrades make.

The dead are with us always, friends; let us their teachings heed!
"Forgive thy brother, if he err!" they eloquently plead;
"Let by-gones be by-gones!" they cry: "let the old love revive!
And on the altars of your hearts keep friendship's fire alive!"

It is better far to love than hate, for nations as for men;
Let us hope the old good humor soon will bless the land again;
But if the politicians still should wrangle, scold, and fight,
Their quarrels shall not break the ties that we re-knit to-night.

Our autumn-days of life have come, the frosts begin to fall,
Beyond the dark, deep river, hark! we hear old comrades call,
To the dead and living whom each loves, let each his goblet fill;
And the memory of the dead shall make the living dearer still.

Gymnastics and Overwork.

The introduction of Gymnastics, good and graceful as they are in the work of physical culture, must fall short of their full advantage when the pupils are pressed too hard in their studies.

So, we cannot eat a cake and have it, too. So, we cannot use up all our life-force in mental work, and have it for muscular action. Scholars over-burdened with book work seem languid, lazy even, because the life-force, which goes from brain to body, is so exhausted that muscular inspiration is lacking.

So, if we wish students to enter with spirit and profit into physical exercise, they must not be exhausted by study, for exercise does not create nerve-power, but exhausts it in such a way as to improve appetite, digestion, assimilation and replenishes the fountain, just as the steam-engine must use part of its force to supply itself with water, out of which to make steam. So, we must use some of our nerve-power to supply more bodily wants, or we shall have no steam with which to do our thinking.

Piano-playing seems to exhaust nerve-power very rapidly, in proportion to the time expended. Dimness of vision, odd sensations in the head, numbness of fingers, all show exhaustion of electric force. Sometimes partial paralysis, sometimes involuntary action of the muscles (called Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance, when the motions are more satanic than saint-like), is the result of much practice at the piano, with girls from twelve to twenty years of age. When confined to it earlier than this the body fails to develop, and the little girl keeps little longer than she ought; with a flat chest and undeveloped form she enters her teens, looking like a little old lady, poor and sallow. Such withered specimens need baths, bread and beef, mental rest and moderate exercise, and they will then mature bodily.—*Mrs. Gleason's Talks to My Patients.*

A Persian Tale; or, Little Things May Be Useful.

There was once a prince who, having been much displeased with one of his nobles, determined to punish him. The prince commanded that he should be shut up in a high tower. Into this tower there was only one entrance, which was walled up immediately after the nobleman had been placed there. Thus all hope of escape seemed to be cut off, and the unhappy man was left to perish. Inside the tower there was a long winding staircase, by which the prisoner reached the top. While looking down from there, he observed his wife, who had come, indulging a faint hope that she might be able, by some means or other, to aid her husband in escaping from his place of confinement. On inquiring if she could be of any service to him, he replied: "Oh! yes; go and procure a black beetle, a little grease, a skein of silk, a skein of twine, and a long rope." The poor wife hastened to obtain what her husband asked for—wondering, no doubt, at the strangeness of his request. She soon returned, furnished with the things. Her husband then directed her to put the grease on the beetle's head, to fasten the silk to its hind leg, the twine to the silk, and the rope to the twine, and then to place the beetle on the wall of the tower. On being set at liberty on the wall, the beetle, smelling the grease on its head, and not being able to discover where it was, crept up the tower in search of it, till it arrived at the top. The nobleman caught it, and, taking the silk from its hind leg, carefully drew it up. When he came to the end of the silk he found the twine, and next he came to the rope. Fastening this to a crook, he let himself down, and thus made his escape.

MY LOVERS.

BY SARAH E. HENSHAW.

In the early golden morning,
  Waking at the break of day,
While my little, youngest darling
  Close beside me nestling lay,
Fearing to disturb his sleeping—
  Fearing happy dreams to break—
Lay I there and softly watched him,
  Ere from slumber he should wake.

One small hand his cheek supported,
  One was thrown across my breast;
Soft and gentle was his breathing,
  As a zephyr sunk to rest.
On the cheek, fair, silken lashes,
  On the lid, a smile of light—
Azure veins I fondly noted,
  Noble brow, and tresses bright.

As I looked he sudden opened
  Eyes that instant sought my own—
Eyes that filled with tender love-light,
  While he spoke in cooing tone.
"Father made a good select,
  When," said he, "he allotted you;
For," he added with deep fervor,
  "You are good and pretty too."

Little heart, so fond and faithful!
  Other lovers, where are they
Who would think it naught, that beauty
  Time is stealing fast away?—
Naught the eyes despoiled of brightness?
  Naught the cheek less round and fair?
Naught the footstep robbed of lightness?
  Naught Time's powder on the hair?

Oh, my little precious darling!
  Oh, my little lover true!
Always finding in his mother
  What is best and fairest too!
Caught I him with smiles and kisses,
  Clasped I him with springing tears,
Thanking God for such affection
  To enrich my future years.

Answer me, true-hearted mothers!
  (Many such, thank God! there be):
In your fairest, rosiest girlhood
  Fonder lovers did you see?—
Gave they deeper admiration—
  Choicer, tenderer, or more sweet—
Than you now have from your children,
  Than your sons lay at your feet?

Four such lovers God hath given me,
  And I owe him fourfold praise!
Tranquilly, thus love-environed,
  On the future I can gaze—
On the future, when life's taper
  Shall be flickering dim and low,
When the autumn tints have faded
  Into winter's cold and snow.

Ah, my sisters! ah, my sisters!
  Little know ye what ye do
Who refuse the joy and beauty
  Of a love so pure and true!
To whose strange, perverted vision
  Childless wifehood seemeth good—
Who despise that crown of sweetness—
  Noble crown of Motherhood!

Lippincott's Magazine.

TWO WOMEN.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

"Is your master still at breakfast, Secundus? Call him out, then."

Colonel Marshall did not dismount, but paced his old nag impatiently up and down on the grass over which the dew was still glittering. The morning was not yet fairly awake: the fogs lay in gray opaque rivers in the valleys below; but the sun shone warmly about the great stone farm-house (one of the oldest in Virginia,) high up on the mountain side, with its massive front, its kitchens and stables crowding confidentially into view, and the gigantic oaks which seemed to have found their way from the forest below to be sociable and comfortable nearer its hospitable warmth. A straggling line of yellow-billed ducks, muddy from the barn-yard, came quacking and biting at the horse's feet; here and there a grinning black face was thrust out of the windows, expectant of the Colonel's usual halloo. Tom had trotted out after Secundus; but the Colonel did not even notice Tom.

Presently a short, stoutly-built man, whose black moustache and military carriage gave him the air of a soldier, came out.

"Why, Marshall, what are you doing there? Coffee's on the table."

"Not this morning, Jeems. I want to see you alone. Run in, Tom."

"Hyah, Mas' Tom. Ye'r not to hear dat ar!"

Secundus hurried up to Tom, to catch some droppings of the secret himself. But the Colonel and Mr. Vogdes spoke in a whisper, glancing now and then anxiously down the valley in the direction of the coal-miners' villages.

"There can be no doubt as to the disease?" said Vogdes, when they were alone.

"No. It is yellow fever unmistakably. And the mortality is as great as I tell you. The worst is, the wretches have no physician. Poor Jones—that young Sawbones who lived by the mine, you remember?—was one of the first victims; and Campion, who went down on Tuesday from the hill, died last night. There's no chance for a man going out of a pure atmosphere. There's been a terrible want of drainage there. I don't know what's to be done."

"No. I don't know—" irresolutely.

"You see there's Lowe,—he's physician for the county poor; it seems naturally to fall to Lowe. But he has a wife and four children."

"Certainly Lowe is out of the question."

"And Fordyce. But Fordyce isn't the man to make a martyr of himself. Fool if he did, with his prospects. The man's death-warrant is signed that goes. Yet one feels as if somebody ought to do something."

"Of course—of course;" and after a short pause, "it's infernally annoying."

"Yes, it is."

Both men were kind and charitable enough. But to have the drowsy country routine of every day, the cheerful breakfasts and sociable dinners, the leisurely ride down to their village offices and long-drawn gossip, cigar in mouth, over business, more leisurely than all, suddenly disappear, and this pit of death and reeking corruption gape open at their feet, was, as Mr. Vogdes mildly put it, annoying.

"I told that Yankee contractor how it would be," growled the Colonel, "when he first ripped over the hill, and brought that swarm of railroad Irish there. Steady, Dick! I knew it was the beginning of trouble."

"I see but one way, Marshall. I'll go myself."

"You? What the devil, Jeems!" aghast for a minute. "I forgot that you had ever practised medicine, or I should never have come to you with this story."

Both men were silent for a while, Vogdes mechanically stroking Dick's flank.

"I'll go, Marshall," looking up presently. "Come in and have some coffee. This fog is chilly."

"It will never do, old fellow," with a good deal of feeling in his tone. "Let the cursed Irish alone. We can't buy their lives at *that* price."

"I don't know anybody who could be better spared than I," looking around as if he would be remarkably glad to light on a substitute. "I have no wife, and few ties."

"You have Tom."

"Tom? Yes." He stopped short at that. "Tut! tut! There's no use talking about it. There's no danger. Come in, come in. What time does the boat go down to the mines?"

"Not until evening. You're determined to go?"

"Yes. I see nothing else to be done."

"It won't do," gathering up his bridle, decisively. "I'll find somebody—I'll manage it."

James Vogdes watched him as he rode briskly down the hill, standing motionless after he was out of sight. Marshall could do nothing, of course. There was no way to "manage" it but the one.

"Jacob," he called, as he crossed the path and went up the front steps. A gray-headed old mulatto came out, who had been factotum on the place for twenty years before the war. "Uncle, I wish you to see that none of the people go down to the landing, or near the mine boat. I'm going away for a few days: come to my room presently for directions, and—stay—send Jem to ask Judge Parker to stop on his way to town."

"Yes, sah. Gwine to need yer dress-suit, Mars Jeems? Shall I tell Maria to pack it?"

Vogdes shook his head, laughing, and went into the breakfast-room. Joe Page, who had been with him for a fortnight, was waiting at the table.

"I sent the coffee out to keep hot, Cousin Jeems," he drawled. "Tom's been teaching me to box till you'd got back. Look here." Whereupon Master Tom shook his yellow curls and charged—and the young man and he tumbled over on the carpet, with a shout.

"You're spoiling that boy. Come here, sir, and sit on my knee. Try this steak, Joe."

Tom! This was his last meal with Tom if anything happened. But nothing was going to happen. Page chattered according to his wont about the carpet-dance at the Colonel's last night, and about New York, where he had been in June, and about the crops, the war, of course, coming in as a dolorous refrain to it all. His host answered him, turning his eye askance now and then on Tom.

"I know nobody that lost as little in the war, as you, Jeems. There's the good of investing in Western lands."

"I lost a good deal in negroes."

"Pooh, a mere trifle! Now look at us Pages! Paupers. But you always were a lucky fellow. Your cup's always up when it rains. Now if *I* had led two battalions where you did, I'd have come out legless or armless; or if I had invested in Western lands, they wouldn't pay two cents on the dollar. I don't know where the deuce you find your luck," glancing out at the rolling hills of the Vogdes plantation, from which the mist was just beginning to lift, and then at the room within, with its old-fashioned, solid mahogany furniture, and the table bright with china and frosted silver. Vogdes did not answer. If you left Joe to follow his own lead, he was sure to talk in circles, and you could take him up half an hour hence at precisely the same place and have lost nothing.

"Tom will be a millionaire yet with those Western lands," staring at the child over his coffee with his vague black eyes, thinking that he was very like his father. "Not a look of his mother in him. The detestable Nash woman! One of the luckiest days in Jeems's life was that which rid him of his wife." Joe had a habit of profound speculation on trifles. He gave himself over now to the mystery of how Vogdes had ever been swindled into marrying that woman. People said that he never cared for her; it was a black streak in his life, never to be wiped out. No wonder he had not married again. But it must be horribly lonely—unnatural, too, for a man so young to sit down by the wayside, and only hope to live again in his son's life. Page wondered if he never did think of marrying again? scanning the soldierly figure opposite, and the face which, good-tempered as it was, kept its own secrets. Joe, like most fashionable young fellows, had a gnawing curiosity, but this matter had a personal interest to him.

Vogdes meanwhile had time to coolly count the cost of his offer. He remembered how exceptionally liable he had always been to any sort of contagion or poison. "It will most likely end in the one way. I'm glad I sent for Parker." His will was not made; he must plan for Tom, too, until he was of age. He had meant to be himself Tom's only tutor, companion, and friend. He held him close as he sat on his knee. Whatever death might be, he was sure that he would find a way through it to come back and be near the boy. He damned the Irish, their dirt and shiftlessness, to himself; but it did not once occur to him, however, to draw back and let them take their chance.

Joe rose, brushing a crumb from his velvet coat. "Time flies! I must be off."

Vogdes glanced at the clock. An hour with Jacob, two for Parker, and what a broken bit of the day was left until the boat came! Yet it seemed to him all of life was compressed into that little space. An hour ago, the future meant for him a stable manhood and long old age; now it had lessened into one short summer afternoon.

"What are you for to-day, Jeems? Business, as usual, I suppose?"

"Only this morning." He was silent a moment. "I will go down to the cottage this afternoon, and wait there till the boat comes. That is the best that I can do with the day."

"I'll say you're coming. I'm off for there now. I tell you, Cousin Jeems, I—but no matter." He turned away, growing fiery red. It was not the first time some confession had checked itself on his tongue. Mr. Vogdes laughed significantly, but a sudden qualm stopped him from speaking. He looked at the young fellow, with new keen perception as he stood in the window, the sun falling on his gallant six feet of stature, his handsome features and auburn hair and beard. It was the very type of man that a woman—

But what did any woman matter to him now? He had written, in all probability, Finis to the book himself. "Come, Tom," lifting him on one shoulder. "You'll stay with me to day, old fellow. I have you, at any rate, thank God!"

CHAPTER II.

Only in Joe's romantic fancy could Mrs. McIntyre's house be called a cottage. It was that little bald wooden building, that looked as if it had slipped half-way down the mountain, which she had always given rent free to some poor relation. But when the war took from her husband, sons, and property, she found refuge in it herself with Alice and one old negro. If they had been men, Joe would have wondered how they lived, being as nearly paupers as himself; but his chivalric creed would not suffer him to query about money and a lady together, even to himself. Most probably the truth was that the women managed generally with tea and toast for themselves, though they never lacked a dainty dish for a guest.

Alice had made the biscuits to-day for breakfast herself. Miss Vane, their guest, coming down the stairs, saw her in the kitchen, her soft arms powdered with flour, her cheeks burned pink. It was a pretty home picture, Miss Vane thought, who had a man's taste in female beauty. "Now *I* would be vulgar in a kitchen. I am always vulgar out of full toilette," glancing down at her own large slovenly figure; "but Alice is like a child in that. She is her own sweet innocent self always, standing apart. Dress or work don't touch her."

She leaned out of the window. Her face was sallow this morning, and her eyes sunken. Miss Vane was a victim to some obscure ailment which some of her friends called hysteria, and others a secret sorrow. Whatever it might be, the girl seldom slept at night; from midnight till morning the house shook under her heavy tread as she prowled about, now lying on the parlor floor, now creeping with her cold feet into Ally's bed, then out to the porch, tramping up and down in the darkness and rain like a caged animal. By noon she was usually curled up asleep under your feet somewhere, a heavy, dead lump of matter. People who saw Charlotte Vane in the ball-room likened her to all kinds of glowing tropical birds and flowers; but orderly housekeepers found her unendurable, a very messenger of Satan sent to buffet them, excepting easy-going Mrs. McIntyre, before whose placid face and quizzical laugh Satan himself, if he were vehement and ill-bred, would have found himself abashed.

Charlotte flung the window open, and thrust out her head and shoulders into the wet, foggy air. The first morning rays had touched the upper waves of rising mist in the valley below, and brought out rose and saffron lights in them, half deadened by the sombre umber of the sea below. Beyond, rising out of the fog, was a peak of the South Mountain, a glimpse of clear light, green woods and running streams.

"The hills of Beulah!" cried Charlotte. A choking lump rose in her throat. She was as easily moved as a child. The unexpressed power, the utter repose in this grand mood of Nature calmed her, as the damp air cooled and steadied her body. She stood a long time without moving. Behind this awful strength and quiet she could understand that unknown God who was only a dull perplexity to her in sermons. Perhaps for her, too, there were hills of Beulah waiting above this dark unintelligible world. For her too—

"What is it?" said a pleasant clear voice at her elbow.

"The sunrise."

Ally peeped out. "Oh, it is nice. But it's horribly chilly! Come to breakfast, Charlotte, dear." Now Ally was never known to glance at anybody's dress, but she knew quite well that Charlotte dear had on that old blue gown with the train again, tied bag-like about the waist; and that a soiled corner of linen dragged out at her throat, and that an unhemmed brown veil was twisted about her head to hide the bristling curl papers. "She might have some respect for mamma," thought Alice, her color rising indignantly. She stood waiting, however, touching Miss Vane's hand gently when the bell rang again. "The biscuits will be cold."

"This is what I need—what I need!" cried Charlotte to herself, her dark hungry eyes wandering over the mountain and the dawn. Her heart was always waiting, open and gaping for some new emotion, and this had so unexpectedly quieted and satisfied her. She had had sudden insight into the glory of God: when she would have stayed there to bathe in its life-giving strength and fulness, she must go down and content her soul with frizzled beef and Alice, and her mother's eternal chit-chat. But she said nothing. She had a mortal dread of being "stagey." As she drew back from the window, her eyes were full of tears. "Day unto day uttereth speech of Him, Ally," she said quietly.

"Yes," said Alice, a little coldly. "Let me shut the window, please." She did not like to hear Miss Vane quote Scripture. At twelve o'clock last night she had been waltzing with half the men at Colonel Marshall's with a passionate abandon which brought little Miss McIntyre's scared heart to her mouth.

"She couldn't say her prayers properly this morning after *that*," thought Alice with a decisive nod. "It's impossible. Charlotte is a nice girl, but I'd rather she'd not talk of the Bible to *me*."

Down in the bright little breakfast room Mrs. McIntyre was waiting, seated by the fire in her worn velvet easy-chair, the cat curled up at her feet, and her soft white fingers busy with that everlasting cloud of white netting. Miss Vane, who never sat on a chair, curled herself up on the rug at her feet, and put her head on her lap.

"The fire is pleasant this chilly morning, isn't it, Charlotte?" removing, with soft motherly little touches and pats, the obnoxious curl papers. "Some of the gentlemen might call before breakfast is over, my dear."

"So they might." The word fired her blood as the sound of the trumpet does the trained racer's. She stretched her long lazy limbs and got up. "Truth is, I ought never to 'show' except at night. Even Ally with her baby complexion don't light up as well as I do. Don't blush, child, whenever one speaks of you. By the time you have been through as many seasons as I have, you'll talk of your own points as though you were a horse," with a bitter laugh, that had a stifled sob underneath.

Ally was at the sideboard filling the sugar bowl. "Dear! dear!" she sighed to herself, "now that's Charlotte's secret sorrow which makes her satirical. Poor child! Just as we had such a nice breakfast, too. She won't enjoy the omelette one bit!" Her heart ached so with its sudden pity that she would have liked to put her arms about Charlotte's neck as she passed her chair, but she remembered that Miss Vane had told her once she could not bear school-girl's purring, petting ways, and that nothing was so insipid as women's kisses. "As if I ever purred or petted on anybody but mamma!" indignantly.

Sometimes Miss Vane, when in a good humor, was as gay and brilliant with them as though they had been gentlemen. She told queer, cynical stories of her seasons at New Orleans, Havana, or Paris, out of which, however, all vicious meaning was purged in respect to the innocence of the little bread-and-butter girl, as she called Ally. They listened eagerly, half astonished and half amused. How much they would have to talk over when she was gone! But to-day she was silent, ate ravenously, cast furtive gloomy glances over at Alice's lovable little face, soft brown hair, neither chignoned nor fluffed, and fresh morning dress. These people were altogether genuine and fresh: it was that which puzzled and irritated her. Genius or talent, whether vicious or noble, she could comprehend in all its moods; but here was mediocrity which also had its power and charm, which she could not master. They had known great trouble. Would nothing break their cheery, bright calm? Whether the world went up or down, there they sat talking commonplaces, at ease with a prince or a beggar, reticent and gentle. When Charlotte had visited Virginia before, the McIntyre estate was as large as a German principality: now they were wretchedly poor.

But they read the old standard books in the library every day, drew a little, crocheted and sewed, and chatted about "Marmion" or Boswell, or gossiped interminably of countess cousins, the Lees and Cabells and Beverlys, just as they did then.

Alice, after various mental pokes to rouse Miss Vane, gave it up. "Have you decided, mamma, about my blue silk?" anxiously. "*Will* it turn?"

"Not without looking tawdry. Give it away, Ally."

"But it's the last! After that—merino. And next week is my first ball, mamma!"

"Merino it must be, I fear," giving the cat a lump of sugar.

Charlotte pricked up her ears at the first mention of dress. "That store of old lace you had put by for Ally—I heard the soldiers tore it into rags before your eyes."

Mrs. McIntyre nodded, and stroked pussy gently. Yet she did grow pale.

"Don't bring ghosts, even of old lace, to the breakfast table!" cried Ally, quickly.

"But the idea of merino at a ball, Alice!" solemnly. "You don't understand, child. And yet you sit here and do nothing!"

"What could we do, Charlotte? The lace was torn into shreds—perfect shreds, I assure you!"

"Who talks of lace?" vehemently. "You and your mother are in want, actual want. You have culture, both of you, fine taste, and shrewd wit. Why do you not use them to help yourselves and the world? You sit here content to lack everything that makes life endurable."

Mrs. McIntyre's face deepened in color, but she did not speak.

"I'm sure, Charlotte," piped Ally with a nervous quaver, "I do not wish mamma to want. I'd teach music if anybody would learn; but I only know two pieces, and they're out of date. I can embroider very nicely——"

"Your cousin cannot mean that we should be sempstresses, Alice," quietly.

"Sempstresses—yes. Anything that would give a place in the world. I wish, God knows, that I had no fortune, that I might do something to justify my right to live," cried Miss Vane, who was now fully mounted on her last hobby.

"I fear, Charlotte," said Mrs. McIntyre with grave decision, "that you have become imbued with these new, pernicious doctrines about women's work. You'll outgrow them, my dear, of course," lifting her hand gently when Charlotte would have spoken. "It is unpleasant to want money, or to wear merino to a ball. But Alice must not unfit herself by doing men's work, because of a temporary inconvenience, for the wife and mother which she will some day be."

"Unfit! Why, madam——"

"We will not argue about it, my dear," placidly. "I would prefer that Ally did not hear these strange doctrines discussed. They tend in all cases to isms. Isms, Charlotte, spirit-rappings, Indiana divorces, and infidelity. Besides, there comes Mr. Page."

Joe's horses hoofs were heard outside, and Miss Vane abandoned her cause and vanished. A man—any man—to her was a foe to be overcome, and she was never victorious in her morning wrappers. She went to her room and spent the day there, in planning how to use her fast wasting life. She was in deadly earnest in the matter. She thought, as she did every day, of lecturing, of going into a hospital or a nunnery. The happiest time of her life had been during the war, when she had been a Confederate spy at Washington, carried maps in her boot-heels or chignon, and when she appeared as Maryland at a masquerade ball in Richmond, with gold chains fettering her beautiful bared arms.

"Ah! then I was a patriot! Then I lived! Like a man," she thought. The tears were in her eyes.

"What was it Mrs. McIntyre had said of Alice? *Wife and mother!*" She tossed slatternly and nerveless on the bed, saying the words over dully again and again. Would she ever be a loving wife as other women? She thought a baby's fingers might take away the stain and sore from her breast, but nothing else could. Nothing.

Then her thoughts went off at a tangent to James Vogdes. She had known him but a week or two, but she loved him. She was sure she never had loved any man so much before. If she could only be sure that he cared for her! She sat up on the bed, her sallow skin heating into mellow passionate tints, her eyes half shut and brilliant as an animal's watching its prey. If she could rid him of that weak feeling for Alice! It was not love. That silly commonplace girl had but a surface touch: she could never rouse the brain power, the fever passions which Charlotte felt were latent in him. "I am his equal! I will make him mine—to-night."

Charlotte stood erect as she said this, and for a moment her whole figure was instinct with a remarkable vitality and beauty. Seeing it, one could understand the unlimited power which during her life she was said to have exerted over different men.

The next moment she bethought her of her dress for the evening, and the floor was soon covered with gorgeous ball dresses, torn and soiled, unmated shoes and stockings, artificial flowers, old letters which she had dragged out of her trunks. At the bottom of one she found a bottle of laudanum, some of which she poured into a glass and drank.

"Just what my nerves needed," she said, putting the goblet away.

CHAPTER III.

Joe Page kept an anxious watch on the door all day for Miss Vane. Alice was a nice little thing, but a man of the world like himself found, of course, metal more attractive in a higher type of woman. However, he lounged away the day contentedly enough. The little parlor, as usual, was cheerful and sunny, and Ally was always vivacious and stout-tempered, and secretly relished a bit of gossip, as every woman does, however well-bred. Joe mentally patted her on the head patronisingly. What a thorough little housekeeper she was! so tender and watchful with her mother too! they were intimate as two happy girls together. Just the very wife for Jeems Vogdes. There was a whisper going about the neighborhood that Vodges had been a suitor for Alice ever since the little girl had left school, which was in fact but a few months ago.

"I'd give all I'm worth to know if he has changed his mind since he saw Miss Vane," thought Joe, looking steadfastly at his boot-tops, his heart in a fierce glow of jealousy. "But how the deuce is a fellow to find out!" Neither the McIntyres nor Vogdes were families who could be questioned about their affairs. Joe did what he could, however.

"Secundus is training that pony capitally," he remarked. "The bay, you know? Vogdes intends it as a birth-day gift for Miss Vane."

Now, there had been a vague rumor that the pony was to be broken for Alice.

"I never knew a woman ride more beautifully than Charlotte," Mrs. McIntyre remarked quickly.

"I always think of Di Vernon," said Ally with a little gush of enthusiasm. "But then Charlotte is *so* lovely always; don't you think so, Cousin Joe?"

"Well—passable." Joe twitched his moustache critically, blushing furiously red.—"Miss Vane's is an unusual style."

"Thank heaven for it!" ejaculated both women in their hearts; but they smiled in concert and said, "Oh, very!"

"By-the-way, Vogdes bade me give you his compliments, Aunt Letitia. He will ride over this afternoon. Tom wants to see Miss Vane."

"Tom is very fond of dear Charlotte," said Ally. "Everybody is that, though," forcing a smile; and then the little girl got up, folded up her tatting, still smiling, made some little joke with her mother (who did not look at her, as she passed), and went up to her own room in great haste, only to sit down and stare at the whitewashed wall when she reached it. Charlotte was lovely, there was no denying that: especially in that puffed yellow silk—and her arms and hands were models for a sculptor, as Cousin Joe said—"When they are clean," Ally added as a foot-note in her secret soul, with a malicious toss of her head. "But that is no reason why she should take—my—my friends away from *me*," said Ally, trying to hold back the tears in her blue eyes. "Cousin Joe hasn't asked me to dance once this summer, and even Secundus brings all the bouquets for Missy Vane, and now there's Tom gone! Dear little fellow! It was hard she couldn't leave me Tom." She buried her head in her lap, and cried bitterly. After wandering vaguely over her grievances of Joe and Secundus, she finally settled on Tom as proper cause for the heartsick tears that would come. "Dear little fellow!" she sobbed, "poor little motherless fellow! He did love me. But now it's all Charlotte! Charlotte!"

Perhaps we ought to offer as explanation for Miss McIntyre's grief the fact that friendship had constituted the exclusive staple of her short life. Her little, warm, clean heart had never been without a shrine and tenant since her first intimate, at nine years old, Molly Briggs, who had married a Baptist preacher, and Ally admitted now was a red-haired, vulgar creature; in her drawers she had a box-full of hair bracelets and albums, souvenirs of bosom friends, among the girls at school, including two teachers. Her heart had always been kept sacred for her own sex, however, until she came from school last winter, when she opened it, and took in—Tom.

The little urchin was in the habit of running down to the cottage every day, and Alice's devotion to him (when nobody saw her) was something wonderful to behold. How she brushed and curled his yellow hair! how she slyly sewed on missing buttons, or darned rents in his trowers, whispering "Poor little motherless fellow!" the always ready tears coming to her eyes at the thoughts of how neglected Tom's clothes or anybody's must be who had no woman to love them, and how lonely, wretchedly lonely they were in heart. Alice felt as if her own heart was fired with the zeal of a whole Christendom full of missionaries to atone to Tom for his loss or—anybody who needed her.

Once he had fallen asleep on her bed, and she had asked her mother if "he looked at all like his poor, dear mother?" It was curious to note how great was her satisfaction at finding that he did not.

"That dreadful Nash woman!" she said, as Joe had done, when she was alone, and then leaned over the pillow studying the child's face with shy, soft eyes. Presently, as though she had found what she sought, she stooped and—what she never had done before with all of her petting of him—kissed him on the lips. When she lifted her head her pretty face and throat were dyed crimson.

"Sweet little angel!" she said apologetically to herself, which argued unaccountable delusion on her part; as—Master Tom's especial gifts being those of chewing unlimited shoemakers' wax and playing hookey from school—the clouds of glory which he trailed about him were, to ordinary eyes, very scant indeed.

Meanwhile, down stairs, Mr. Page entertained Mrs. McIntyre with some of his most brilliant anecdotes of society and blasé bits of philosophy. Alice's mother, he remembered, had been both belle and *bel esprit* in her youth, and it was worth while to show her how superior young men of this day were in *savoir vivre* to those of her own.

The lady, her white fingers busy with her wool, turned Joe over and over, and read his whole secret leisurely: that he was fiercely jealous of Vogdes, who he believed meant to put his fate to the test with Miss

Vane to-night. The poor boy was as helpless in her gentle handling as a miserable little mouse upon whom a white motherly old cat has laid her velvety paws.

She smiled complacently as she went up stairs to dress for tea. Poor Charlotte! that would be a terrible ménage for any man under her rule as housekeeper. But she was thankful that Vogdes's attention had been directed from Alice. A widower with an unruly boy, a man whose early youth had been scarred with passion, was not the husband she would choose to take her pure white flower to his bosom.

"I am so glad now that Ally never suspected that he was a lover; but she has no more thought of marriage than a child! Ally is as much of a baby as Tom," thinking how she made a companion of the boy. All of which goes to show that babes and sucklings may be mysterious even to the wisest heads.

CHAPTER IV.

It was nearly dusk when Vogdes reached the cottage. He had been detained longer at home than he planned: a man cannot so readily slip off the traces of the world and its business. When all was done, he made an excuse to go all over the old house, to say a cheerful word or two to each of the people. Their old black faces had been familiar and friendly to him since he was a boy. Then he lifted Tom up into the buggy, holding him on his knee, joking him about his base-ball. He had a dim idea that he ought to give the boy some great truth to guide him through his life, to tell him of God. But somehow he only held him closer and talked base-ball. "What am I that I should speak of God to him?" he cried. He made a circuit of a mile or two. They passed a shady little graveyard. Close by the fence there was a marble monument so heavy and costly that there was no room for grass and flowers. They stopped beside it.

"I never was here before," said Tom.

"Nor was I," said his father. Now that he was, perhaps, done forever with life and its business, he wished to come, to say above this grave that he forgave his dead wife lying there the wrong she had done him. He sat a moment in silence. He would have been glad if the marble had not been so heavy and broad above her; he would have liked to lay his hand on the warm earth that covered her breast, to bid her a kinder farewell. For, living or dead, he felt that he was done with her forever; that in those eternal, myriad lives beyond death their paths would never cross again: of that he was sure.

Half an hour afterward he drove into the enclosure about the cottage. The windows were all closed but one. It opened into the breakfast room; the bright light shone out, and showed the dainty tea-table set, a vase of autumn flowers in the middle, and Alice sitting by the urn alone, waiting for the others to come. She never had seemed so pure to him, so tender. The soft light brought into relief her womanly little figure, her shy, sensitive face, with its dark-blue eyes set in heavy shadows, and the peach bloom on her cheeks. It was a miniature picture of home—the home that James Vogdes had never known.

When Tom ran in, he stood without for a moment looking in at her from the darkness, muttering to himself, "My wife? my wife?" with a prayer perhaps to God to spare him for a little while, if this thing might be. For the man's life had, in fact, been heretofore bleak and black enough.

"So you're here at last!" said Joe Page, coming down the yard with a surly face. "I doubted if you knew your own mind this morning!"

Vogdes understood him. "Yes—I knew it," composedly going with him into the house.

He was quite sure he knew it. Why, for months the idea of that sweet, pure little girl as his wife and the mother of his boy had been as a glimpse into an unknown heaven for him.

He would make it sure to-night. If he lived to come back, he would know if she would be his wife, or no. Of course, he knew his mind! Miss Vane had a certain charm that no one could deny. But he was no fool—no Joe Page to be won by it. If Alice—but here his heart failed him.

Women were apt to call Miss McIntyre "Pussy," and to think of her very much as they would of a kitten—as an innocent, rather stupid, affectionate little thing. But she became to this shrewd, well-cultured man, as by order of wise Nature every woman does to the man who loves her, a half-unreal creature, with a divinity in and about her which no near contact could destroy. Among women, Ally was noted for her painfully-neat chintzes and muslins; in his fancy she was clothed with a rare purity and modesty, like a halo: a certain light and sweetness exhaled from her, and set her apart from other women.

He felt as if his brain and soul were clumsy as his fingers. How should he dare approach her? His courage almost gave way. Yet he began to feel as if it were a matter of life and death to him. In the little hall he met Mrs. McIntyre and caught her hand, with a sense of having reached a half-way house of present security. But he would not tell her his secret. No other hand than his own must capture this white dove and fold it to his bosom.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Madam," offering her his arm, and leading her into the parlor. Now James Vogdes had a certain soldierly courtesy and protecting, deferential manner to all women, even to his laundress, which had a queer, subduing effect on them.

Mrs. McIntyre's heart instantly softened.

"You may be sure it is granted, James," cordially.

"I am going away to-night for a few days. May I leave Tom and his nurse with you?"

"Assuredly. That would be certain without your asking. But I do not understand," looking at him keenly. "There is something beneath this. What is it?"

"Nothing. I am going to the mines. You know what is wrong there?"

"Yes," in a whisper. "I have not told Alice."

"There is no danger for me, of course. Still, I might not return. If I do not, I have made arrangements at school for Tom. But there is no woman—will you—"

"Keep a watch over him? Yes, as God hears me I will, James. But, my dear boy, this ought not to be." Her eyes were full of tears; she laid her hand on his arm.

"Tut, tut! there is no danger. Only I am over-anxious about my boy."

"You will not speak of it to Alice? She is so easily frightened."

"No, no! I will wait here until tea is over, and then bid her good-by, if you will allow me." He sat down on the dark end of the porch, where he could look into the room at her sitting there. Frighten Alice? The man must be a brute who would hurt her by a look or word. She was so little, and soft, and fair! he felt to her precisely as one would to a baby or a bird. If he lived, it should be the work of his life to hold her so close that no shadow of harm should ever come to her. She was his ideal woman, being so helpless, loving. He never felt his manhood as when he looked at her.

There was a soft rustle in the bushes near, and a warm breath. He turned quickly. Miss Vance stood close beside him, quite motionless, looking at him. He could not distinguish her figure with its drapery of dark gauze from the shadows about her. He could discern only a glimpse of lithe, bending limbs; a glint of starlight fell across the mellow, olive cheek, the slow-heaving bosom; he could feel rather than see her magnetic, absorbing eyes. He had an odd, momentary fancy that she silently had grown out of and belonged to the warm-tinted autumnal dusk, full of drowsy harvest smells, darkness, and passion.

Strange as it may seem, Vogdes turned to this woman from Alice with a thrill of pleasure, almost relief. His brain had been heated all day, every faculty strained to its utmost tension; his courage quailed before the approach to his delicate, frigid little lady-love; but this was only his friend; unexacting, akin to himself: here was rest. Besides, there was a potent charm in Miss Vane's person, voice, and look, perfectly pure, but peculiar to her as a woman, which no woman had ever recognized in her and very few men failed to find. Mr. Vogdes was not one of that few.

He did not speak to her. Their friendship had been subtle and unconventional from the first; the long silences, when the eyes or instinct only spoke, had been one of its features which strangely attracted Vogdes. When the darkness had grown familiar to him, he saw that her cheeks now were wet with tears.

"What is it?" he whispered, leaning closer. But she stood apart, the twilight forming an impalpable barrier between them.

"I heard all," she said. "I know what you are going to do."

Now it never had occurred to him before that there was anything more than a matter-of-course affair in his going down to the wretched Irish. But looking steadily into these dark, bewildering eyes, and reading the strange, devotional meanings there, he began to thrill as though he heard wonderful music calling him to high unwonted deeds; began to feel himself a knight going out to victory.

"Tut, tut! there is no danger!" using the same words as to Mrs. McIntyre; but he whispered now, and the tone was soothing and tender.

"I know that it is almost certain death."

"Would you have me stay?"

"No. There are so few men who would do this heroic deed."

James Vogdes was noted among the men who knew him best as an unusually humble, unassuming fellow; a man who would never assert himself enough to push his way. But every nerve now tingled with keen excitement and delight. "My life is worth little to any man. No one could be spared better."

And he waited breathless to be contradicted. Not that the stout, brawny fellow was in reality peculiarly vain or silly. Mailed Antony himself, no doubt, blushed with pleasure when the Egyptian women patted, and petted, and cajoled him, and put him up on a pedestal to abase themselves before.

Charlotte's answer startled him. "Your life is worth little," she said, "for you have not known its value."

"Do you?"

The darkness was warm and still about them; his breath came hot and quick. She had roused fierce, passionate thoughts in him with her sudden, sharp probe; but they were of himself, not of her. Old ambitions started into life; the dream which came to him in his boyhood of what he might be, the dream that had so slowly died, and left him a dull, sensible country squire, plodding with the rest. "What am I, Charlotte? God knows I've sounded myself, but I find nothing." He waited as though the dark figure had been a priestess who had spoken to the gods for him. She did not answer at once. "I have lived very much alone. No one ever cared to speak to me as you have done now. But you overrate me. I am sure you overrate me."

"If you come back," she said, in the same low, strained voice, "there is no place which strength and intellect can conquer which may not be yours. Virginia needs a leader. The way is open and waiting for you. Let me speak plainly, though I am a woman. The time is short, and I am your friend," her voice failing at the last.

He listened breathless. "Yes. Let us be true and frank to each other. If I could believe what you tell me—" He was standing beside her. Unconsciously they had gone down the path into the thick trees of the garden. A strange madness fired his blood. If this were true? He had dreamed it of himself long ago. And Charlotte had subtly hinted it before. Those words only gave substance to her meaning and to their friendship. If he were indeed to waken when he came back to a new life of exertion, victory, power! And she—this friend who saw his true self when all others were blind?

He turned sharply. She was close to him, the rare, brilliant woman whom so many men had sought in vain, with all her wonderful beauty, her subtle thought, her feeling for him, whatever that might be, laid bare, ready for his coming. There were no trivial, tiresome barriers here. She was his friend. So great hearts and great souls approach each other. He stood silent, hesitating.

He did think of Alice. But she had grown curiously petty and faded in his mind. A mere bit of ice. And ice, he remembered, when you pressed it too warmly, sometimes rested in your hand a dash of insipid water. But here—

Could Fate have meant him to win *this* woman's love? She turned her face slowly toward him. Charlotte had always this advantage on her side, that she never acted. For the time she loved the man madly. It breathed in the very atmosphere about her. It had its power over him without his knowledge. The heavy coils of her black hair had fallen and shook out a delicate perfume; her breast rose and fell with passionate tremble and shiver; her sultry eyes evaded his; her warm breath touched him. Then she drew back; she was almost lost in the shadows.

He sprang after her, caught her arm.

"Stay! If I come back alive—"

He paused; there was a fierce struggle at his heart. A bell sounded down in the river fog. She waited a moment for him to speak.

"There is the boat." She said then, quietly, "We will be friends—in life or death." The tone was cold enough, but she touched his forehead with the tips of her fingers—just touched it, no more; but the next moment she was strained to his breast and his burning lips were pressed to hers. Then he turned from her and hurried down the hill.

At the parlor window Alice's little pale face had been watching all evening. She saw him now cross the path that led to the house, and stop uncertainly. She got up, putting her hand upon the pane. Tom, who was clinging half asleep to her dress, slipped down neglected.

"He is coming!" she whispered. Surely he would not go to meet death without a word of good-bye for her?

The boat bell rang impatiently. She heard his sharp, clear tones.

"Bid the ladies good-night for me, Page. I am sorry I am so hurried."

Joe, who knew now where he was going, stood by him remorseful and fussing.

"Will you not bid Tom good-by?"

"Tom? No, I could not do that. He turned and walked without a word down into the fog. Had he forgotten his boy in the last hour? He felt as if he had been lost in a hot, feverish dream, from which he would never wish to awaken.

Meanwhile little Ally stood by the window, watching him go. When the noise at the shore had ceased, and she heard the boat awash through the water as it passed down the river, she turned and went up-stairs, smiling very brightly as she met her mother.

"Where is Tom, my dear?"

"I do not know, mamma. Tom? I have not seen him."

"Has Mr. Vogdes gone? Joe told you his intention?"

"Oh dear, yes! How foolish men are. Good-night, mamma," and, smiling and nodding, she went into her room, double-locked the door, and threw herself suddenly, white and shivering, on the bed. "And I loved him so! I loved him so! I could have made him so happy and comfortable!" was all the moan the poor little thing made.

Miss Vane, combing out her false, black hair in the next room, felt her heart beat faster as she heard a sob. "Silly child!" she said, not unkindly. "It will make more of a woman of her, though. But he is not mine yet."

She sat thoughtful for a few minutes; then from the bottom of one of her trunks took out a suit of men's clothes and laid them ready for use. Then she lay down and slept heavily. A little gust of excitement always brought Charlotte a good night's sleep.

CHAPTER V.

Daylight wakened Mr. Vogdes out of his feverish dream very thoroughly. The yellow fever in a coal-diggers' village was certainly prosaic; and then he was kept hard at work. But for his pity for the poor wretches, and his nausea at the dirt about him, he was well and hearty; death never seemed farther off from him. The disease was not half so fatal as it had been reported; a physician came down from the hills, and another from the court-house; he began to suspect that his expectation of self-sacrifice had been a bit of melodrama of which he ought to be ashamed, and to feel himself not so much of a hero after all. As to the two women to whom he had almost committed himself the night before, it was a most damnably perplexing affair. He put it out of his mind altogether, though there were moments when Charlotte's words and touch suddenly came back with a delicious, sensuous kindle and thrill of remembrance.

It was late the next afternoon when he met Doctor Masters at the door of a large wooden building, into which they had removed two or three of the patients.

"Jones is better."

"So is that woman, Moore. I think we have it under."

"Yes. This change in the weather is favorable. There is the boat already."

"There will be no passengers to-night." Vogdes glanced at it down through the twilight, carelessly and went into the house.

He was stooping over one of the pallets when Doctor Masters came in, and touched his elbow. "There was a passenger—a young man, who offers himself as nurse. He asked for you."

"We really need no one else. He ought to be sent back."

"So I think. See to him, Vogdes; here he comes."

The old doctor went out to his own patients, and Vogdes, busied in lifting the great, groaning Irishman before him, only noticed by a glance the awkward young fellow who had entered and stood by the door.

The setting sun threw a glare of light over the ill-kept, dirty room, the half-dozen wretched occupants of the bed, and the man who moved about among them, stout, prompt, business-like. Could this be the hero of last night's dusk, and romance, and passion? Charlotte's heart dropped to low ebb. Then she stood stiff and erect. She had made a desperate move. But it would win. If daring and self-sacrifice were admirable in a man, Vogdes would think them divine in a woman. He would find that she could stand by him shoulder to shoulder anywhere on the man's ground. Why should she not thus show him that she loved him? Why should not a woman be the first to say, "I love?" Man and woman stood as equals.

Just then Vogdes, having finished, came up quickly, touching his hat.

"You asked for me, I believe?"

"You do not know me?"

He glanced over the shuffling, ungainly figure, the sallow face, part nose, and bold eyes, paused a moment, perplexed, and then drew back.

"Good God! It is not—"

She caught his arm with both hands.

"Yes, it is I—it's Charlotte! I came to—to die with you! You will not cast me off?"

For a moment Vogdes's astonishment and dismay choked him.

"What *will* people say?" he gasped out, letting her hands slip off untouched.

"Is that all? What the world thinks! But as for me—" She cried out the words shrilly, her teeth beginning to chatter. She was a nervous woman, and the strain on her had been terrible all day. The reaction was coming.

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Vane, control yourself. The men will hear you. The Doctor— Come outside and tell me what you meant by this—this freak."

Charlotte followed him. He stopped in the chicken-yard outside, among the coops. It was still daylight, bald, ugly daylight. He had a bottle in one hand and a spoon in the other, and there she stood in her man's coat and trowsers, a felt hat on her head, into which she had, with a lingering hope of effect, put a black feather, which had been broken and sagged down behind. She knew that her face was smutted with soot from the boat.

Twilight, and romance, and passion were gone from between them forever. She had made a mistake. She saw that now suddenly. Life itself seemed to turn cold and thin before her eyes.

"Why should I not come?" she said at last, as he waited sternly. "Are men only to be heroic? You have told me of women who went to nurse the dying, and praised them for it."

"It was for those poor fellows, then?" his face softening. "You are a foolish child. If you had ever had a mother to take care of you— But you must go back at once. I will not allow you to go near them."

His manner was so gentle she built a sudden hope on it.

"Do you think it was for those miserable Irish that I risked my life?" she cried passionately.

"I know of no other reason," he retorted, coldly and quickly.

"Am I a stone? Could I sit at home, pale and whimpering, like Alice, when—*you* were in danger?"

His face turned scarlet.

"You are generous, Miss Vane, as we all know," speaking thick and hurriedly, raising his voice when she would have spoken. "You are loyal to your friends. But your enthusiasm has led you innocently too far now. No matter! We can easily correct the mistake. Did any one know of your coming?"

"No one," turning away sullenly.

"Thank God for that! The return boat passes in a few minutes. You will go back on her. You will be safe from detection at night."

She turned on him slowly.

"Is that all, James Vogdes?"

"What more can there be?"

The cool masculine eye mastered her.

"God knows!" wildly. "But I thought—" She threw up her arms with a mad, despairing gesture.

"I wish to the Lord she had a dose of asafœtida—and was off my hands," thought Vogdes. He spoke to her very courteously, however, as he always did to women. "Miss Vane, you are hardly yourself to-day. I insist upon your going at once to the boat."

"You chose me as your friend!" she muttered under her breath. "*I* was to read yourself to you. I was to help you to victory!"

"You mean that plan of yours last night?" with an awkward laugh. "I was to go into Congress, was I not? or higher? That was a capital joke of yours."

She looked at him keenly.

"A joke," he repeated, meeting her eye steadily. "Such friendships as ours are made by young ladies every day to pass away a leisure hour. I quite understood it."

She laughed—a queer, pitiful laugh—and stood looking down at her glove, which she folded over and over mechanically in her hand. God knows what chance of life was slipping away from her forever in this man's words, or what it mattered to her. He only saw a nondescript, ridiculous creature, neither man nor woman, whose every movement was absurd and intolerable to him.

"Such friendships as ours, Mr. Vogdes?" trying to gain her usual tone. "They are, you think with Laertes, but the perfume and the suppliance of a minute—no more?"

He was silent for a moment. "No more," he said gruffly.

Fate had struck the decisive hour for this mannish girl, as for the all-womanly Ophelia. But have these men-women hearts to break, or brains that the want of love will drive mad? Mr. Vogdes thought not.

"I will go now," she said, letting her glove fall.

He walked a step or two behind her down to the river bank. When she stepped on the plank to go on the boat she turned.

"Good-by," she said.

Vogdes's conscience wrung him sharply. He remembered how sweet the beautiful woman's sympathy had been last night—the kiss he had left upon her lips. He hesitated, half held out his hand. But this was a pert, sallow-faced boy, going on deck. "She can make her own way in the world—trust her for that!" he thought. He touched his hat. "Good-by, Miss Vane," he said coolly, and, watching her safely on deck, went up the hill.

A man came up and touched him. It was Joe Page. "You sent her back?" The young fellow's face was white and haggard.

"I knew you would."

"Of course. Is it known that she came?"

"Only to me. I followed her."

"See that she reaches home safely, Joe. And keep the thing quiet, my lad, won't you?"

"I know what is due to a lady," curtly. "But I have done with her forever, Cousin Jeems."

"The better for you, Page."

Joe shook his head dolorously, and went down to the boat. Vogdes knew that he would save her from detection. Frothy as Joe might be, his sense of honor was high and keen.

"How horribly ugly she is in trowsers!" Vogdes thought, as he went back to the village. "Well, I wasn't to blame about it! And so little Alice was pale and cried for me? Little Alice," walking slower, with a tender smile on his lips.

A year or two afterwards Mr. Vogdes and his wife were in a theatre in one of the Atlantic cities. Tom was with them in a new and marvellous tartan suit. Mr. Vogdes had grown portly since his marriage, and ruddier; had a more demonstrative jolly manner and a hearty haw-haw of a laugh, that was infectious. The Vogdeses had troops of friends everywhere, even so far from home as here in New York. Mrs. Vogdes was spoken of as a fat, genial, sweet little woman, not a bit bookish or brilliant, but the most charming person in the world to know. They were dining and being feted everywhere, and invited everybody to spend next summer with them in Virginia.

"How like that page in the blue and silver is to Miss Vane, Alice!" said Mr. Vogdes, levelling his lorgnette at the stage.

"Very. Though one could not imagine Charlotte in men's clothes."

"No. Where is she now, Ally, by-the-by?"

"At Havana, I think, or Paris. Breaking men's hearts somewhere. I wish she would love somebody and marry him. You never appreciated her, James. Poor Charlotte!"

"No," said her husband absently, still looking at the stage.

The page had keen eyes. She drew back just then behind the throne. [The play was "Hamlet."] "It is!" she said to herself. "Silly little Alice! But she was too good for the man, after all. A stupid fellow." She left the stage then, and stood alone, leaning against the side scene.

"Poor Charlotte!" she too said after a while, to herself.

But the others have quite forgotten her in watching the sorrows of the gentle Ophelia. —*The Galaxy.*

The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating.

Not exactly! after eating,
'Twould be well to wait awhile;
And before its praise repeating,
See how it affects the bile.

Poison even may be grateful
To the palate while we *eat;*
For its consequences hateful
Often come with tardy feet.

You may sup—your supper relish;
Proof of which next day we see—
When wet cloths your brow embellish,
And you call for "S. and B."

You may ride and think it jolly—
'Tis next morn you feel so sore;
Morning proves an evening's folly,
'Tis *effects* that we deplore.

Therefore I—its truth contesting—
From this adage hold aloof;
For I look to the *digesting*
Of the pudding for its proof!

—*London Fun.*

WHERE IS THE FOUL PLAY?—A few weeks ago, the Big Horn expedition was organized at Cheyenne for the purpose of occupying a region whose possession was guaranteed to the Sioux last year by special negotiation. The Sioux knew that this expedition was in violation of treaty agreement, and consequently made ready to fight the filibusters. At this moment the Government took steps to prevent the starting of the expedition, and immediately we hear that some of the Sioux Chiefs have left for Washington to arrange matters and bring the difficulty to a peaceable settlement. Now, on which side was the foul play in this case, and which side showed the first desire for fair play?—*New York Tribune.*

☞ J. C. Hammond recently presented an organ to the Congregational Church of Sheffield, Connecticut. At its dedication the following astonishing verse was sung by a full congregation:

Praise be to Him, who lives above:
He shows His kindness and His love;
Uses mankind His word to preach.
Reached forth His hand—touched J. C. H.;
Caused him to give, in willing mood,
His organ to the friends of God.

☞ "Vacation," says the Church Union, "is a true whetstone, on which over-taxed men sharpen their faculties for better work."

☞ The Chicago Post says if O'Neill had been smart, he'd have been out of Burlington jail before now, on a plea of temporary insanity.

☞ The great lesson for youth to learn is fidelity to trust. Now and then a boy or girl seems aware of the fact that success in life depends upon themselves, and that such success will generally be in exact proportion to their industry and attention.

☞ Take a slip of card or stout paper, stick a pin through one end for a pivot, at a distance from the pivot point equal to one-half the diameter of the required circle, make a small hole to insert the pencil point. By revolving the card on its pivot with the inserted pencil, a circle as perfect as if made with dividers is produced.

☞ The Spanish authorities are proceeding with great vigor against Free Masons in Cuba. All lodges there are prohibited by statute, and they are proceeded against for the violation of that law.

☞ If anywhere on earth the woman of the future has been seen by the men of the present, it is in Boston. There, if anywhere, we have learned to look for her, clothed in gold spectacles, mystic, wonderful. Scorning delights and living literary days, upon her feet the goloshes of progress and upon her lips the lecture of reform, the woman of Boston stands proudly forth the hope of her own sex and the fear of ours.—*N. Y. World.*

☞ Many persons will sympathize with Senator Saulsbury, who desires that an expedition should be sent to remove the North Pole, that it may no longer act as an incentive to Arctic explorers.

☞ The fruit and grain crops in Central Illinois are reported to be nearly a month ahead of last year, and to promise splendidly.

☞ Dr. Thomas Smith, of Charleston, S. C., was deprived of the power of speech, about three months ago, by a paralytic stroke; but, "with characteristic energy and determination, he commenced immediately to train his vocal organs as if he were a child learning for the first time to speak, and, by dint of persevering effort, he is now able to express himself intelligibly in private."

☞ Politeness almost invariably requires a gentleman to agree with a lady, but when she speaks of the great beauty of some other lady, it is always safe for the gentleman to say there are other styles of female loveliness that he admires much more.

THE human lungs reverberate sometimes
with great velocity;
When windy individuals indulge in much
verbosity,
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,
And push and punch the diaphragm as though
the deuce was in it.

☞ Constantinople has myriads of dogs, but they are never muzzled and never go mad.

☞ A pious but injudicious individual with a set of stencil plates, devotes Saturday nights in Waterbury, Connecticut, to posting scriptural questions on the blank walls. Working in the dark, he chooses some queer places. It is apt to destroy the intended effect, says the local paper, to read, "What must I do to be saved?" "Try the Female Strengthening Bitters."

☞ Olive Logan says that after the enfranchisement of the negro, we should at least lift the white woman to our lips. Now, it is just because we want a clean thing to kiss that we would keep woman out of sooty company. Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Announcement of Storms.

The Signal Department of the Army is charged, by a recent order, with the duty of organizing a systematic arrangement for announcing the beginning and progress of storms. This will be of very great value to mariners and others, whose welfare is affected by the state of the weather. A large number of storms have a definite rise and course; their arrival at particular points can be predicted with much certainty, and by the use of the telegraph a sufficient warning can be given to prevent much disaster. The heavy storms on our coast are vast whirlwinds, sweeping in circles from right to left, and with a general northward course. The centre of these storms is a deceitful calm, around which the wind rages with its greatest violence, and the unfortunate vessel that gets caught in this terrible spot suffers not only from the fierceness of the wind, but from most sudden changes of direction, baffling all seamanship. Judicious sea-captains understand the indications very quickly, and on the first hint of such a storm sail directly away from it at right angles to its course, often saving disaster, and perhaps destruction. On coasts facing the west, it is curious to note that the direction of whirl is from left to right. The laws of hurricanes and typhoons are so well understood and clearly laid down in works on navigation that it would seem as if only gross carelessness or ignorance could account for a captain's being caught in the worst part of one of these fearful storms. Certainly shipmasters in northern ports will be greatly helped in determining their days of sailing by being informed by competent authority of the state of the weather to the southward.

Kalsomining Parlor Walls.

We copy the following useful article from the Manufacturer and Builder:

"It is a popular error to believe that the materials for kalsomining are very expensive, and also that few men have sufficient skill to apply the liquid even after it has been properly prepared. For this reason people are frequently deceived into paying exorbitant prices for this kind of work. The materials employed are good clear glue, Paris white, and water. Paris white is sold in New York city and Brooklyn for two to three cents per pound. Itinerant kalsomineers frequently charge twenty-five cents per pound, as 'they use nothing but the genuine silver polish, which is scarce, and very expensive.'

"In case the wall of a large room, say sixteen by twenty feet square, is to be kalsomined with two coats, it will require about one-fourth of a pound of light-colored glue and five or six pounds of Paris white. Soak the glue over night, in a tin vessel containing about a quart of warm water. If the kalsomine is to be applied the next day, add a pint more of clean water to the glue, and set the tin vessel containing the glue into a kettle of boiling water over the fire, and continue to stir the glue until it is well dissolved and quite thin. If the glue pail be placed in a kettle of boiling water, the glue will not be scorched. Then, after putting the Paris white into a large water pail, pour on hot water, and stir it until the liquid appears like thick milk. Now mingle the glue liquid with the whiting, stir it thoroughly, and apply it to the wall with a whitewash brush, or with a large paint brush. It is of little consequence what kind of an instrument is employed in laying on the kalsomine, provided the liquid is spread smoothly. Expensive brushes, made expressly for kalsomining, may be obtained at brush factories, and at some drug and hardware stores. But a good whitewash brush, having long and thick hair, will do very well. In case the liquid is so thick that it will not flow from the brush so as to make smooth work, add a little more hot water. When applying the kalsomine, stir it frequently. Dip the brush often, and only so deep in the liquid as to take as much as the hair will retain without letting large drops fall to the floor. If too much glue be added, the kalsomine cannot be laid on smoothly, and will be liable to crack. The aim should be to apply a thin layer of sizing that cannot be brushed off with a broom or dry cloth. A thin coat will not crack."

☞ The Bishop of London's daughter has gone through a regular course of training as a sick-nurse, and is employed in that capacity in one of the London hospitals.

☞ As an evidence of the way that Americanisms or slang creep into or become a part of the language, we note a law proposed in the Constitutional Convention of Illinois, in which railway companies are forbidden to "water their stocks."

☞ John Bright, the English statesman, has sunk into a hopeless condition from softening of the brain. Cause, overwork.

☞ Efforts are being made in India to put a stop to the ancient custom of destroying female infants, and a bill for this purpose is now before the Council in Calcutta. So general had the practice become that in one native community of 10,000, not one girl was to be found.

☞ A secret order with ritual, signs and grips, called the Earthquake, has originated in Tipton, Indiana. Its object and purpose are unknown.

☞ Pearls are troublesome property. Unless they are constantly worn or aired, they change color, or crumble to pieces, so that Mr. Ruby, the jeweler in "Lothair," was perfectly correct when he referred to the necessity of giving Her Grace's pearls an annual airing.

☞ An interesting article on "Tea and Coffee," in a June magazine, refers to the fact, which is well authenticated, that the leaves of the coffee plant possess to a considerable extent the active principle of tea and of the coffee berry, viz.: theine. The natives of the Eastern Archipelago and of Sumatra, where coffee is largely grown, almost universally prefer for their own use the leaves to the berry.

☞ William H. Vanderbilt, Vice President, and some Directors of the New York Central Railroad, ran an express train last week from Rochester to Syracuse, 81 miles, in 61 minutes—the fastest time, it is said, ever made in America.

☞ An Imperial Commission has reported upon the monitor Onondaga, which the French Government purchased from the United States in 1867, as being the most effective craft for coast defence in the whole navy of France.

☞ Chief Justice Chase's health is said to be failing, so much as to render his retirement probable.

☞ There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any business, and the second that they have no mind.

☞ The Greeks are in advance of all Europe in education, only seven per cent. being unable to read. The Brigands seem to know how to read and write.

☞ The French are admitted to be an ingenious people, and, what is more, their ingenuity is always equal to the occasion. For example, our dull dancers here would only have seen in the plebiscite business a political event, whereas the Parisians lose no time in pressing it into the service of the muses, and *the* plebiscite, *par excellence*, in the French capital, is the following *rare and new* cotillion figure: Each gentleman places his partner opposite to himself and another man, and gives her two balls, one inscribed "yes," the other "no;" the young lady is invited to place a ball in a hat; if she votes "yes" she keeps her partner, if "no," she is whirled away by the other man.

☞ A youthful witness, on being asked in the Meriden (Conn.) police-court, the other day, where he would go to if he told a lie, replied: "To the reform school." He was sworn.

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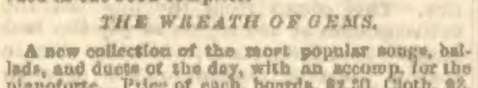

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Church Anecdote.

Some twenty years ago a beautiful little church in the West was ready for consecration. On the day appointed, the venerable Bishop Chase, with several clergy, was present. Just before going into the church, the bishop had written the "deed of consecration," and, in so doing, had soiled his hands with ink. He did not observe this until after he was in the chancel, and during the the progress of the services; and when his eye rested upon his blackened fingers, he was apparently much annoyed. He called some of the clergy to his side, and exhibited the soiled hand, and said he must wash it. But he was very heavy and unwieldy, and could not get out and in the chancel without great difficulty, and therefore declined going out into the vestry-room, where there was a bowl.

"Bring the bow and towel to me," he said.

One clergyman ventured to suggest to him, *sotto voce*, that a wet towl might do as well, and would be less noticed by the congregation.

The Bishop looked at him over his spectacles, and said:

"Sir, I never wash with a towel."

At last the senior warden of the parish was obliged to go out and bring in a bowl of water. And by a singular coincidence, just as the officiating clergyman was giving out the twenty-first Psalm—

"I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round Thine altar go—"

the bishop dipped his hands in the bowl and washed them. Some of the people of the parish to this day think that this was part of the ceremony of consecration.

Clever Criticism.

One of the most celebrated French landscape painters lives in the country, some distance from Paris. Being of a social disposition, he is on the best of terms with the peasantry, who are very proud of him, and who make a point of visiting him frequently to examine and criticise his pictures. Having finished one of his masterpieces he ordered a frame for it from Paris. It soon arrived, resplendent with carving and gilding; the picture was placed in it and set up in the studio. Some days after an old peasant came in to see how the artist was getting on. He stood a long time before this picture, with his arms folded, and a wise look upon his face.

"How do you like my picture?" asked the artist.

The old fellow shook his head knowingly, but made no reply. But as he was leaving the house he encountered the artist's wife, who asked him what he thought of her husband's picture.

"Did he really make that?" asked the countryman.

"To be sure he did," replied madam.

"But the frame, the frame, he did not make that, did he?'

"Certainly not; the frame came from Paris."

"Ah! I thought so. He makes very good pictures, but I knew he didn't make that frame."

Dining in France.

Some little knowledge of the French language is useful to one travelling abroad, if he does not want to dine as did the Englishman, who knew nothing of French or hotel customs, and was too proud to let his ignorance be known. Seating himself in a restaurant, he pointed to the first article on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a fragrant plate of beef-soup. When it was dispatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter brought him a vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," he thought; "but it is the Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and plate of tapioca broth was brought him. Again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow-root. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. He determined to get as far from the soup as possible. He pointed, in despair, to the last article on the bill of fare. The waiteer politely handed him a bunch of toothpicks! This was to much; the Englishman paid his bill and left.

Good Sound Advice.

Never throw a stone at any one until you have looked to see whether there is a window behind, or you may have to pay rather dearly for your revenge.

Never leave your hat in the passage, unless it is a bad one.

Never fix your own price, but leave it "entirely to the liberality" of the gentleman, as the chances are you will get a good deal more by it.

Never sit next a young lady at dinner, for she only talks and does not care about eating.

Never be executor to a will, as it is all liability, great trouble, and no profit.

Never quarrel with your wife, or your sweet-heart, as you will have to pay for making it up in the shape of a season-ticket at the Opera, a trip to the sea-side, a silk dress, or a cashmere shawl.

Never mention you have received a legacy, or some impertinent fellow will be asking you to stand a dinner.

Never pay to see a balloon go up, as you can see it much better by remaining outside.

Tired of Waiting.

A short time ago in Delaware county a Quaker lady, a maiden who had reached the age of sixty, accepted the offer of a man who belonged to the "world's people" and the Presbyterian church, and began to prepare for her wedding. As usual, a delegation of friends from her meeting waited on her and remonstrated with her for marrying out of meeting. The bride elect heard the visitors patiently, and then said—

"Look here! I've been waiting just sixty years for the meeting to marry me; and if the meeting don't like me to marry out of it, *why don't the meeting bring along its boys?*"

That was conclusive, and the delegation merely replied "Farewell!" and vanished.

A NEW MACHINE.—"I've got a new machine,' exclaimed a Yankee peddler, "for picking bones out of fishes. Now, I tell you, it's the funniest machine you ever did see. All you have to do is to set it on a table, and turn a crank, and the fish flies right down your throat, and the bones right under the grate. Well, there was a country 'green horn' got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way; and, I tell you, the way the bones flew down his throat was awful: why it stuck that feller so full of bones, that he couldn't get his shirt off for a whole week."

A HOPELESS CASE.

LADY (*who has been studying every possible description of hat and bonnet for the last half-hour.*)—"Yes, they are all very Pretty. And now, can you Help me to Remember what I Intended to Have at First?"

LOVE OR HATE.

Love, O love, thy voice is sweet,
And thy face is wondrous fair!
Alas! have pity, have a care,
For I am silent with despair—
Too well I know thy voice is sweet.

Love, O love, how shall I speak
That which makes my heart ache so?
Words are far too weak, I know,
For hopeless love is hopeless woe.
Love, O love, how shall I speak?

Love, how darest thou be so fair?
My life, my death, my love, my fate,
Love me at last, though it be late—
Love me, or teach me how to hate—
I am so weary of despair. G. H. N.

THE HEART AND ITS DISEASES.

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

It is an interesting and important fact that the more grave diseases of the heart are not painful, or but slightly so. Not unfrequently the first disturbance of its action which attracts attention indicates an advanced and incurable stage of a disease that has been in progress months, and perhaps years.

The converse of this proposition is eminently true—namely, nervous and functional disorders of the heart are painful, or otherwise distressing, often to an apparently alarming extent. How many suffer from palpitation and believe they are afflicted with a fatal disease of the heart? How many have "pain about the heart," and cannot be convinced that there is no disease of that organ? How many have irregularities of the pulse, and suppose the heart must be in the last stages of disorganization? It will interest this class of real sufferers to learn some of the causes of their distress, and to what their sufferings may be attributed.

Palpitation and irregular action of the heart are often experienced in persons between the ages of sixteen and twenty years; they are, or have generally been, growing rapidly, are of delicate appearance, and frequently are addicted to some vicious habits. In such persons, the blood is thin and poor, and the heart and nerves fail to perform their proper function for want of support. Derangement of the stomach often gives rise to these symptoms, and they may persist for a long period from this cause. A lady who for years suffered from violent paroxysms of palpitation, which many physicians attributed to organic disease of the heart, happened on one occasion to take some medicine which induced vomiting, and this act was followed by immediate recovery. Subsequently, whenever she had the symptoms of an approaching attack of palpitation, she resorted to an emetic, which not only gave relief to the paroxysm, but finally relieved her altogether. In another case, a patient entered a hospital suffering severely from violent action of the heart; he was bled, and blistered, and purged without benefit; having taken a large dose of medicine, vomiting ensued, with immediate and permanent relief.

Tea, and especially green tea, is very liable to disturb the heart's action when used by susceptible persons. And there is no doubt that an immense number of persons in every community suffer from minor forms of heart derangement, due to the use of tea. A physician once called upon a brother physician, in great alarm, saying: "I have called upon you to request you would let me die in your house." His pulse was scarcely discernible, and extremely irregular. He stated that he had drank a great deal of strong green tea during the preceding night. On giving him a stimulant, he fell asleep—and on awakening, his distressing symptoms had disappeared.—*Hearth and Home.*

BROTHER N., a highly respectable member of the legal profession in an adjoining county, was always sound in matters of law, but never particularly brilliant in the presence of that great palladium of American liberty and umbrella of our rights sometimes called a jury. On one occasion his exordium in a criminal case rather detracted from his influence. "Coming from all parts of the country as you do, gentlemen, and acquainted with all kinds of rascality as all of you undoubtedly are" (here the foreman smiled), "and especially you, Mr. Foreman, I doubt if a case of equal atrocity to this ever was within your experience!"

☞ The rise of waters in the Mississippi this spring is unprecedented in the annals of history. From St. Paul to New Orleans come accounts of the immense flow of waters, the end is not yet. Between St. Paul and St. Louis, every town not located on some bluff is inundated with water, and the damage done thereby is counted by millions.

☞ Professor Goltz, of Konigsberg, in his experiments upon the nervous centre of frogs, finds that if you take out the brain, and then rub a wet finger down the frog's back, the creature will croak as if pleased. Frogs must be easily pleased.

A Jealous Princess.

The Crown Princess of Prussia, Victoria's eldest daughter, inherits more of her mother's traits than any of her other descendants, among which is a jealous virtue not to be despised, and something of a temper. She recently went to her jeweler to purchase a diamond necklace, and selected a very beautiful one, something quite new, but noticed that the head of the establishment, who, of course, was serving her, tried in vain to suppress a peculiar smile. The Princess, always excitable, flushed and asked haughtily if there was any reason why she could not purchase the necklace she had selected. "It already belongs to your royal highness," the shopkeeper was startled into replying, "though I was not authorized to let your royal highness know it. It was ordered some time ago." "Who ordered it? the Prince? O! now I see—my birthday is in a few days; no doubt he intends this as his birthday gift. Be sure you do not mention my visit here, and I shall say nothing to the Prince."

The Princess was touched by the thoughtful compliment from her husband, who, in those days, was neither noted for his thoughtfulness nor his tenderness, and eagerly awaited her birthday in silence. The morning came, and numberless *cadeaux*, according to German custom, were carried into her bedchamber; among them one that bore her husband's handwriting on the covering. She tore off the wrappings trembling, almost weeping, and refusing assistance. The little casket contained a very handsome diamond *bracelet*—no necklace. What could it mean? Like the Queen, the Princess Royal is a martyr to jealous rage, and her fury may be imagined. But to discover what she was determined to learn she hid her rage, saying to herself, "A necklace like that would only be a fitting *cadeau* to some one who goes to court—I shall see it!"

And she did. At the next court ball the searching eyes of the Crown Princess did not permit any one to pass unnoticed.

At last there entered a young and beautiful lady—a well-known belle; she wore that necklace! The eyes of her royal highness flashed as though giving back the light of the diamonds when her glance rested upon it. She walked deliberately up to the lady and asked her, in a tone quite audible to those near, "Who gave you that necklace?" The lady colored crimson, hesitated, stammered, and failed to reply. "*Who* made you a present of those exquisite diamonds?" demanded the Princess, varying her question. The lady, no quite confident, from the manner of the Crown Princess, that she knew the donor, and there was no mercy to be expected, stood silent. "It was given to you by the Crown Prince of Prussia, *my husband*. Deny it if you can—but you cannot. I now leave this palace, and I never more will enter it until you have been openly forbidden to do so." With that she swept out of the *salon*. Of course the fair necklace-wearer was then and there dismissed in disgrace.

Instructions for the Erection of Lightning Rods.

By Professor Henry, Secretary of the "Smithsonian Institute."

1. The rod should consist of round iron of about one inch in diameter; its parts, throughout the *whole* length, should be in perfect metallic continuity, by being secured together by coupling ferrules.

2. To secure it from rust the rod should be coated with black paint, itself a good conductor.

3. It should terminate in a single platinum point.

4. The shorter and more direct the course of the rod to the earth the better; bendings should be rounded, and not formed in acute angles.

5. It should be fastened to the building by iron eyes, and may be insulated from these by cylinders of glass (I don't, however, consider the latter of much importance.)

6. The rod should be connected with the earth in the most perfect manner possible, and nothing is better for this purpose than to place it in metallic contact with the gas pipes, or, better, the water pipes, of the city. This connection may be made by a ribbon of copper or iron soldered to the end of the rod at one of its extremities, and wrapped around the pipe at the other. If a connection of this kind is impracticable, the rod should be continued horizontally to the nearest well, and then turned vertically downward until the end enters the water as deep as its lowest level. The horizontal part of the rod may be buried in a stratum of pounded charcoal and ashes. The rod should be placed, in preference, on the west side of the building. A rod of this kind may be put up by an ordinary blacksmith. The rod in question is in accordance with our latest knowledge of all the facts of electricity. Attempted improvements on it are worthless, and, as a general thing, are proposed by those who are but slightly acquainted with the subject.

☞ At a recent sale of old coins in New York, a one-cent piece of 1800 brought $35.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Root Crop.

The root crop has scarcely risen yet to the importance of a staple product in this country. Our agricultural societies recommend and foster the cultivation of roots; our agricultural writers show the superior quality of roots as food for stock; our leading practical agriculturists vindicate the profitableness of root raising by practical and tangible results; and still the great body of our farmers persist in their prejudice against the crop, or at least, indifference to it.

This prejudice and indifference must, sooner or later, give way to more rational views. It is well known that the health of animals demands a mixed food. Hay is indeed for stock what bread is for man, the staff of life; but as man cannot be confined to bread and water diet, without injury to his system, neither can domestic animals be restricted to hay and water without similar injury. Succulent food is necessary not only to furnish nourishment, but to keep the system in a relaxed, and at the same time a vigorous condition. For accomplishing this end the root crop affords the cheapest and best means. This is plainly seen by comparing this with other crops. An acre of ground that will yield 40 bushels of oats will yield 1,200 bushels of mangold wurzels. One that will yield 30 bushels of barley will yield 1,000 bushels of turnips; and 800 bushels of carrots will grow on an acre that will produce 20 bushels of rye. Surely one bushel of oats, of barley, or of rye is not worth as much to feed as 30 bushels of mangels, or of turnips, or of carrots.

In England 3,000,000 of acres are devoted to the cultivation of turnips, to say nothing of other roots, and the crop is estimated to be worth $500,000,000. By means of this crop England has more than doubled her capacity for sustaining stock. As roots have increased in quantity and estimation, hay and grain have also increased, until, at the present time, the average yield of wheat to the acre in England is more than triple that in our own and the New England states. Further than this, England can show the best herds to be found anywhere in the world. Belgium has made roots a staple product for even a longer time than has England, and there are found the largest herds and the most population to the square mile of any country in Europe. A Belgian farmer devotes every fifth acre to the cultivation of roots, and thus makes a farm of forty acres keep a herd of twenty cows. The same process will insure to our farmers the same profitable results.—*Utica Herald.*

System in Farming.

There never was a successful agriculture without system. The reason why Scotch, English and Belgian agriculture is so much better than ours to-day, is because they have adopted a system, elaborated from experience, and adhere to it from decade to decade. They grow certain crops in rotation; feed certain of these to stock; make certain quantities of manure, and never deviate from this course when it is possible to adhere to it. The consequence is that their farms are growing more and more productive with each generation.

Our farmers are all possessed by the evil spirit of speculation. They plant a crop with an eye to a rise in prices, just as tradespeople buy stocks, in anticipation of an advance in values. This they do without reference to the good of their farms in the present or future. They employ all their business or planning faculties in devising some scheme or sharp practice whereby they can make good speculations. Should they exert the same sagacity and mental energy in perfecting the management of their farms, in framing and prosecuting a system of culture adapted to their location and soils, improving their breeds of stock, growing of fruits, working towards something like perfection in farming, how much different would be the aspect of our agriculture?—*Western Farmer.*

The Far West as a Grazing Country.

Of the capabilities of that vast region of country lying between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains but little comparatively is known. Dr. H. Latham communicates to the Omaha Herald an article on the subject. He writes from personal observation and as one who has studied closely the matters whereof he treats. He shows that this region, comprising something like one-fourth of the area of the United States, is better adapted to the purposes of stock raising than any other section of North America. This comes from the fact that the native grasses of the region supply the best possible food for animals, while the climate enables them to remain in the open air throughout the winter period. To be sure, in some parts snow falls, but it is so dry it will not freeze upon the skins of the animals and therefore causes them little inconvenience. The doctor publishes a number of letters from persons who have had experience in grazing stock in the valleys of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Dakotah, and their testimony is concurrent. The summer-cured grass of the plains and valleys is more nutritive than Northern hay; the proportions of loss in wintering stock is much less there than in the states where cattle are put under cover and fed on corn and hay. The writer predicts that in due time this region will be the great source from which the beef, hides, wool and mutton of the rest of the country will be mainly derived.

ABOUT HORSES.—From the Rochester Union we take the following:—"Horses as a general thing get too much licking and too little feed. If a man loses his hat while driving his horse, he licks the horse to pay for it. If he runs into another wagon through his own carelessness, he licks his horse to make it all right. If his horse slips or stumbles, he gets licked for it—if he does anything he gets licked for it, and if he *doesn't* do anything he gets the same. A great many horses know 'a right' more than their drivers, and if they could change places with them, society at large would be the gainers, and so would horses."

TO PURIFY CISTERN WATER.—Let the spout run to the bottom of the cistern. You will then have new water every time it rains. The old water will be buoyed or borne up, and thrown off. Sometimes a single rain will throw off all the water and give entirely new. If you have any doubt of this, fill a pail with water, run a tube to the bottom of it, and, by means of a funnel, turn more water into it by way of the tube, and you will see that the water you turn into the tube will go to the bottom of the pail, and the water you put in first will be thrown off.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 55 letters.
My 34, 44, 7, 14, 4, 18, 11, 49, 8, 30, 43, is a character in "Tricotrin."
My 21, 9, 42, 41, is a character in "David Copperfield."
My 1, 5, 16, 26, 31, 23, 37, 20, 46, 51, 42, is a character in Burma.
My 7, 9, 65, 4, is a character in "Edwin Drood."
My 40, 17, 5, 33, 52, is a character in "A Family Failing."
My 35, 24, 28, 15, 22, 33, 29, is a character in "Woman's Kingdom."
My 3, 19, 23, 54, is a character in "Tam O'Shanter."
My 10, 30, 48, 14, 12, 7, 33, 40, 38, is a character in "As You Like It."
My 53, 15, 9, 27, 41, is a character in "Twelfth Night."
My 45 is the initial of a well-known authoress.
My 12, 47, flourish in history.
My whole is a truthful old "Saw."

DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Charade.

I am composed of four syllables.
My 1st is a vessel used by many.
My 2d is an article used by man.
My 3d is a French word.
My 4th is an article.
My whole is a medicine. PHILIP.

Honeytown, Ind.

Problem.

In how many *different* ways, with respect to one another, can seven persons seat themselves at a round table?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to four-fifths of the sum of the other sides, and the diameter of a circle inscribed within it is 6 inches. What are the sides of the triangle? H. R. SPINK.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the letter "o" like the equator? Ans.—Because it is a circle dividing the gl-o-be into two equal parts.

☞ What nose is more brilliant than a toper's nose? Why, volca-noe, to be sure. Pat says that the chief glow of each comes from the "orater."

☞ Why is the earth like a blackboard? Ans.—Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

☞ How many days has the year of its own? Three hundred and twenty-five; because forty are Lent.

☞ Who are the most suitable laborers for warm weather? Coolies.

☞ Why is the letter J like the end of Spring. Ans.—Because it's the beginning of June.

Answers to Last.

ZOOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

ENIGMA.—"Learning is to the studious, riches to the careful, power to the bold, and heaven to the virtuous."

RECEIPTS.

BEETS.—Small beets are much better than large ones. Wash very thoroughly in cool water. Be careful and not break the skin on them, and on no account cut off any of the fine roots; for so surely as you do, so surely will your beets be tasteless and colorless. Put them over to boil in a kettle of cold water. When partly done, throw in some salt. When tender, take them out into a dish of cold water, which cools them so you can handle them; now rub off the skins and slice them in thin slices—put into a bowl—sprinkle them with pepper, and pour over them some hot vinegar in which you have melted a piece of salt butter. To be eaten while warm. The tops of young beets are good cooked with them.

TO BOIL GREEN PEAS.—Choose the youngest and freshest peas, and shell them just before they are wanted. Put them into boiling water with a little salt and a lump of loaf-sugar in it. The peas should be left uncovered, and when they begin to dent in the middle they are cooked sufficiently. Drain them thoroughly on a sieve, place a good-sized lump of butter in the centre of the peas, let it dissolve among them, shake them once or twice before sending them to table. Boil a sprig of mint in another saucepan, chop it fine, and lay it in small heaps around the dish. The peas should be boiled rapidly, and be served to table as hot as possible.

CURRANT FRITTERS.—Make a light batter, with half a pound of fine flour, half a pint of milk, and two fresh eggs, sugar according to taste, part of a nutmeg grated. When ready prepared, take a small teacupful of the same, and place the contents into a fryingpan, with scalding fresh butter; place as many separate fritters in the pan as it will hold, and add the quantity of currants over them, according to fancy. When sufficiently done, strew sugar over them to your taste, and serve them up quite hot.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Stalk and crop as many as you require of ripe red, rough gooseberries; put them into the preserving pan, and as they warm, stir and bruise them to bring out the juice. Let them boil for ten minutes, then add sugar in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound to every pound of fruit, and place it on the fire again; let it boil slowly, and continue boiling for two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning. When it thickens, and is jelly-like on a plate when cold, it is done enough. Put it into pots, and allow it to remain a day before it is covered.

RAMAKINS.—The following are good recipes: Mix a teaspoonful of flour with 2 oz. of melted butter, 2 oz of grated cheese, 2 tablespoonsful of cream, and 2 well-beaten eggs. Sur all together and bake in small tins for a quarter of an hour. A little cayenne pepper may be added if liked. *Puff Ramakins.*—Take some puff paste and roll it out rather thin, strew over it some grated cheese, and fold it over; repeat this three times, rolling it out each time. Cut the ramakins with a paste cutter in any form you please, brush them over with the yolk of a well-beaten egg; bake them in a quick oven for a quarter of an hour. When done, serve them quickly on a hot napkin.